

THE PEACE OF CHRIST IN THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST

"France, Great Britain and Russia pledge themselves to support Italy in not allowing the representatives of the Holy See to undertake any diplomatic steps having for their object the conclusion of peace or the settlement of questions connected with the present war."—Article XV. of the Allies' Secret Treaty with Italy, 1915.

GOD is Love, and His chief command to the races He has created is that they should love Him and love one another. He hates dissension, ill-will, violence, strife, war : He is the God of Peace. Exhibiting Himself in the flesh as a model for mankind, He displayed every kind of virtue, active and passive. No one more fearless, virile, strong, commanding, persistent, energetic, self-reliant than He, yet no one more unquestioningly obedient to His Father, no one more gently tolerant of His neighbour. Utterly devoid of pride and self-assertion in His relations towards others, He could rightly set Himself as a standard for all in the virtues of meekness and humility, thus proving that these virtues in practice, so far from being derogatory to human dignity, are necessary for human perfection. More real manhood is developed in overcoming self for the service of others than in overcoming others in the service of self. Only the blasphemous folly of a Nietzsche could see greatness in the Superman of his disordered imagination ; whose real name is Anti-Christ.

And so the Christian also must be a man of peace, finding his ideal in a harmony of wills adhering to the good, in a union of minds in possession of truth. He will regard fighting for fighting's sake, or for merely selfish ends, as sinful. His only aim in conflict with other wills is to bring them to respect goodness and truth as he does : he always hopes for an ultimate union with his adversaries. And he will not use violence until all methods of reason have been tried and have failed. To use material force is to descend to an irrational level, normally unbecoming a reasonable being, and only justified because his adversary has for the time ceased to be reasonable. It is irrational not to recognize a neighbour's rights, which, as rights, are capable of reasoned statement and proof, and, in default of reason, there is nothing but force to turn the will of the offender

away from injustice. Unless the way of the transgressor is somehow made hard, he is apt to continue to transgress.

Therefore, the Christian is not a pacifist in the unorthodox sense of the word. He believes in the use of force to secure justice and to suppress evil. He knows that the evangelical counsels apply mainly to the individual and not to the community, that for the State to "resist not evil" would be to invite its own destruction. On the other hand, his conviction of the righteousness of war in rare and extreme cases, and of the use of force to maintain civic order, makes him detest the more all unjust forms of coercion, the savage love of fighting which springs from personal arrogance, the bullying of the weak by the strong, the dynastic ambitions, the territorial or commercial greed that are ready to issue in armed oppression—all that is summed up in the word militarism ; this he abhors as it denies the moral law and substitutes the devilish doctrine that the standard of moral right is material might : all, again, that is contained in the word imperialism, the claim to rule over independent peoples for the sake of national aggrandizement by virtue of a pretended superiority in civilization, he detests.

Long before all those evil passions and aims found their natural vent in the Great War, as well as in the course of it and ever since, this periodical has pleaded for Christian peace, echoing the counsels of God's Vicar, who, set by his office far above human quarrels, has not failed to detect and denounce the causes of war germinating in our de-Christianized civilization. But so deeply sunk is our generation in the grooves of the past, so blind to the import of Christian teaching, so apathetic regarding foreign affairs, so parochial and selfish, that little serious effort has been made, even by Catholics, to obey the Papal counsels and endeavour to avert, by change of heart and policy and outlook, the recurrence of devastating international strife. The lesson of the Great War has been largely forgotten by those who survived it, whilst generations are growing up to which that lesson has never been taught. They have never seen the lofty unselfishness that marked the first rush to arms, for, long before the Armistice, the high ideals which had inspired the fighting men had disappeared in a universal disillusionment, and in the scramble for national interests, misnamed the making of peace, the higher spiritual interests of mankind were lost sight of altogether. The facts are beyond dispute, admitted by the chief Allied representatives, protested against by the Germans from the first, described in

painful detail by scores of writers, official and otherwise, since. The victors set themselves to punish and to plunder—the word is not too strong—their vanquished foes. As a result, for the one Alsace-Lorraine problem which they solved, they have created half-a-dozen others up and down Europe, equally calculated to disturb the peace. The present state of world-unrest is as much the product of the Versailles Treaty as of the war which it was supposed to end. No wonder the United States would have none of that Pact.

So much in substance but at greater length I wrote in these pages three years ago.¹ The events of the intervening period have but deepened and extended the impressions then conveyed, whilst separate episodes, like the second victory won last year by the French over Germany in the Ruhr, have departed still further from the ideals of true Christian statesmanship. The Christian policy aims at peace, peace founded on justice, peace inspired by charity. Yet Allied Europe is still full of the menace and the methods of war. Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, with the help and at the instigation of France, have become ludicrously over-militarised; bankrupt little communities, which should be devoting all their energies to peaceful production are bristling with armaments. Poland, armed again by France, has become an Imperial Power of little less extent than Germany, forcibly holding down alien communities here and there, just as Austro-Hungary did. Rumania, which annexed part of Hungary after the Armistice, is now making herself a by-word for racial and religious persecution. All through Eastern Europe, large groups of Germans and Russians, members that is of the two strongest races on the Continent, have been forced under the rule of tiny States which are as imperialist in spirit as were the great Empires they succeed. Let us consider the military forces these new, or newly-liberated, peoples think themselves obliged to maintain, and are encouraged to maintain by France as a contribution to her own security. The case of the four Baltic republics—Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—which bound Russia on the West and, incidentally, keep her from ready access to open waters, is not parallel, though they constitute a problem of their own. The armaments of the Middle East, excluding ex-Enemy Powers, are, in round numbers, as follows:—

¹ "The Peace that Failed," THE MONTH, December, 1921, pp. 481 sqq.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST IN THE

		<i>Men.</i>	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Poland	275,400	17,300	292,700
Czecho-Slovakia	140,000	10,600	150,600
Rumania	165,000	11,300	176,300
Jugo-Slavia	144,000	8,100	152,100
<i>Totals</i>	<u>724,400</u>	<u>47,300</u>	<u>771,700¹</u>

The United States Army numbers 131,000 combatants, a lower total than that of any of these comparatively small States, whilst the British Commonwealth maintains, at home and abroad, only 216,000 men or, with the Territorials, 356,000. France, on the other hand, in 1923 had a "peace establishment" of 790,000, to which the "native" contribution was 166,000. These figures suggest very serious reflections.

The war came to an end over six years ago. Germany, Austria and Bulgaria have been practically disarmed, yet a million or so more men are under arms in Europe than there were before the war. The Allies have clearly not succeeded in destroying militarism, except in effect amongst their foes. They have not succeeded, because the whole spirit of the Peace Treaties, beginning with Versailles, was militaristic. President Wilson succeeded in getting his great scheme of a "League of Nations to Avert War" accepted as an integral part of the Treaty of Versailles, yet the whole superstructure of that Treaty was grotesquely out of line with its foundation. The President is commonly supposed to have consented to many deviations from his loudly-proclaimed principles, and his famous fourteen points under the conviction that in the provisions of the Covenant of the League was contained the remedy for whatever might be found unworkable or unjust in the Treaty. A vain hope, in view of the fact that, by the withdrawal of America, those for whose profit the Treaty was framed came to control the working of the League, and that, by the continued exclusion of the major part of Europe, those have had no representation in the League who were most hardly treated by the Treaty. If Germany, freed from the domination of the Kaiser and his militarists—republican, democratic Germany—had been admitted to the League from the first, we might then have had peace by agreement, the peace which the Pope counselled in his Note of August, 1917, and the only peace which can be permanent. Let not the stickler for justice, the eye-for-an-eye man, exclaim "What, let off the guilty! Forgo reparations!"

¹ The "peace establishment" of Austria-Hungary in 1914 was about 400,000 men.

Unjust! Unthinkable!" The guilty have been let off already: only the innocent have been punished. The Kaiser and his generals live in wealth, if not in honour, but a whole generation of Germans, guilty of nothing but a natural patriotism, have been slain or maimed by the Allies' iniquitous, post-Armistice blockade and other similar penal measures. And as for reparations, the attempts to assess and exact them have only shown to what depths of folly ordinary common-sense politicians can sink under the influence of the passion of hate. The Allies' war propaganda, poisoned by lies of every kind, and designed to excite the hatred necessary for the business of killing, ended, it would seem, by deceiving its very directors: otherwise, it is inconceivable that men who knew all that had gone on behind the scenes—knowledge which is now common property—could lay on Germany the whole and sole guilt of the war, and proceed to punish her accordingly. In defiance of economics and psychology, they estimated her liability at the grotesquely impossible sum of eleven thousand million pounds, and even that was a preliminary, not a final, assessment. Even as late as the Paris Conference of 1921, the demand for this fantastic tribute, together with 12 per cent. of German exports for 40 years, was maintained by the Allies. It would have taken a century for Germany, working on a bare subsistence level, to liquidate this debt, and, in the process, she would necessarily have ruined the world's industries. This demand took away from the conquered nation any inducement to make the attempt to pay. The better off she became the more would be expected from her, for, with incredible stupidity, the Allies would fix no definite limit to their exactions.

It is clear from their policy that two mutually destructive aims were at work—one being to extort vast war-indemnities, forgetting that only a highly prosperous people, beating its rivals in all the markets of the world, could hope to pay them; the other to keep a defaulting Germany permanently poor, in spite of the injury caused thereby to the world's well-being. Under plea of the former, the ill-omened Ruhr occupation was undertaken in 1923, though the unreason of trying to force your debtor to pay by seizing upon his means of payment should have been apparent. But, long before that, but not before they had completed their demoralizing work, the pantomime indemnities fixed by the Allies had been reduced by nearly half, and, in May, 1921, the German obligation stood at £6,600,000,000. Another later settlement showed the creditors content with a

third of that amount, yet still Germany protested, not without reason, inability to pay. At last, this year, which saw the country's bankruptcy under the Ruhr pressure, also witnessed the London Conference on the Dawes Report—the first honest and sensible attempt to base Germany's liabilities on her ascertained capacities. For six years politicians with their mixed and conflicting aims had delayed the restoration of Europe by their exorbitant demands; now business men, regarding not politics but economics, had reached what on paper is a possible solution of the night-mare question of reparations.

But even this business solution may be wrecked if, once again, political issues, such as penalties and security, are allowed to intervene. And it will require a strong, combined and sustained effort on the part of the lovers of peace to keep alive the spirit of good will, essential to the process of producing and paying over a huge annual tribute of the sort. It is that spirit of goodwill—a recognition of just claims and real obligations—that nerves the overladen British taxpayer to send his annual quota of thirty million odd pounds to the United States—a somewhat paradoxical result of his effort to help his Allies to save civilization. For sixty-two years this tribute will be exacted, rising by gradual stages to 175 millions in the year 1984, when the whole debt will be discharged. The prospect is not cheering, but how much worse is that which Germany has to face. Under the Dawes scheme her annual indemnity rises by a steep gradient till it reaches £125,000,000 in 1928-29, which is to be reckoned a normal charge. Even now no definite limit has been fixed, so that this colossal annual tribute has the air of being perpetual. Germany, it is true, has no internal debt charge, small military expenses, no colonies to administer, still, let economists tell us how, after paying her way at home, she can realise such a surplus through her business in the markets of the world as will enable her to bear that burden, without absorbing the lion's share of the world's commerce. And let statesmen tell us the likelihood of other generations, who were children when the war ended, continuing to bear that burden when the war is only a memory. The Allies would be more prudent if they did not thus prolong the burdens of defeat. Some wise words of Sir William Goode, uttered at the "No More War" Congress on December 13th, may have point in this connection:—

The general situation [said this eminent economist, whose prolonged European experience on various commissions has

made him also a statesman of eminence] has been much improved by the London Conference of last summer and by the work of the League of Nations. The sooner the idea of victor and vanquished passes away, the better it will be for economic reconstruction. One-half of Europe must not go on dominating and penalizing the other half. A spiritual change may come quicker than some people expect, and then the peoples of the victorious countries will understand that those who gave their lives on the battlefields of Europe have left a legacy, not of hatred, but of sublime idealism.

And another economist, Sir George Paish, who has been much abroad on relief-missions amongst the defeated nations told on the same occasion the impression which contact with such realities had made on him. His views are sufficiently startling.

The sooner the Peace Treaties of Versailles and of the other places [he said] are abolished, the better it will be for Europe. This country would be very much better off without any reparations and without the recovery of any Allied debts.

Here we have an economist who recognizes that indemnities paid, not in gold but in goods and services, are liable to injure the productive processes in the creditor country.¹ I find in another passage of Sir William Goode's speech some other remarks which emphasize the foolishness of much of the Allied after-war policy. The "food-missions" on which he and Sir George Paish were employed brought home to them that the charity of the world, of the United States in particular, was called upon to redress conditions deliberately created by the "justice" of the Peace Treaties. Making a plea for "breadth of vision in the appraisement of the post-war conditions in Europe," Sir William said :

It seems to me that the events of the last five years have made it quite clear that the system of perpetual tribute is not applicable to modern conditions and in certain eventualities may become positively harmful to those who endeavour to exact it. I ask you to recall for a moment what happened after the Armistice. In order to avert the anarchy that

¹ A distinguished Frenchman, M. Loucheur, acknowledged this several years ago, speaking in the Senate. "Germany [he said] cannot pay these indemnities. If she were able to pay them, it would make her the master of the world's trade. Let us, therefore, insist on security rather than on reparations."

threatened to follow on national exhaustion and starvation, the British Government, despite its diminished resources, was compelled to provide 22½ million sterling in relief loans for Central Europe. The greater part of that money was expended in ex-enemy countries. The United States also provided over 100 million sterling and with contributions from other Powers the post-war relief loans from Allied and associated Governments amounted approximately to 135 million sterling. With one hand we were paying millions to keep our former enemies alive and with the other perfecting a plan whereby we should exact from them perpetual tribute.

In those days, it was little short of treason to doubt the practicability of extracting gargantuan sums from nations which had been reduced to moral and economic pulp, or to question the probability of their revival under the disadvantage of perpetual bondage. Then came the case of Austria. As President of the Austrian Section, I presented to the Reparation Commission in Paris a report signed by the nine Allied and Associated Powers stating it was impossible to enforce the reparation clauses, and that Austria would cease to exist as a political entity unless external assistance was provided. The Commission forwarded that report with unanimity to the Allied Powers. After a long and, for Austria, tragic delay, the Powers came to the conclusion that perpetual tribute, at any rate in this generation, would not work in the case of Austria, and themselves guaranteed for that country a loan of 27 million sterling through the League of Nations. Most of that loan was provided by the people of this country and of the United States.

Such, therefore, being the condition of Europe to-day, due to a pursuit of justice which ignored truth as well as charity, it surely behoves Christians to combine in an effort to purify the international atmosphere from the miasma of hate, fear and suspicion that has brought about this state of things, and to enlighten the public consciousness regarding the causes and remedies of international ill-will. For Catholics, followers of the Prince of Peace, that should be a comparatively easy, as well as a congenial, duty. For it is not in dispute amongst them that the Decalogue is the standard of all right human conduct, individual and collective, and that God should always be kept in view in the conduct of human affairs. The cardinal vice of the Peace Treaties was that they were godless—an attempt to reconstruct the world without taking thought of its Lord and

Master. Although many of those "peace-makers," who assembled in Paris during the first half of 1919, were Christians, the Peace Conference became, in deference to its surroundings, entirely "lay"; hence its inevitable barrenness and futility. In the height of the conflict the Allies agreed with Italy to exclude the world-wide moral influence of the Papacy from their counsels: the chaos of Europe is their reward. More than half a century ago Cardinal Manning prophesied the coming of the European war as the necessary result of the revolt of human society—mind, and will, and heart—against God.¹ The war has come and passed, yet the revolt continues, and statesmen, with their "lay" outlook, can suggest nothing better than preparation for another. "Krupps" is now making sewing-machines and type-writers, but armament firms in other lands are working at high pressure, rejoicing in the disappearance of their rival and flooding China and Turkey and the Balkan States with weapons of destruction. The Powers in the League of Nations—and this is the most ominous fact of all—shy at any proposal that seems to limit their freedom to make war at discretion. There appears to be no real and resolute "will to peace" amongst them.

The reason for this potential belligerency is that their peace-loving citizens, those especially who gain nothing but lose all in war, are still too ignorant and inert and misguided to influence their leaders. Let us recall the indictment of the modern pseudo-democracy which *The Times* uttered about a year before the war, and reflect whether it is not still deserved. Asking how it was that in this age of popular government vain ambitions could still cause millions of men to fight to the death for objects wholly unknown to them, the leader-writer said:

The answer is to be found in the Chancellories of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human lives as pawns in a game of chess, who have become so enmeshed in formulas and the jargon of diplomacy that they cease to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle. And thus war will continue to be made, until the great masses who are the support of the professional schemers and dreamers, say the word which shall bring, not eternal peace, for that is impossible, but a determination that wars shall be fought only in a just and righteous and vital cause.

The "great masses" have not yet spoken that word: they

¹ "The Four Great Evils of the Day" (1871).

are too stupid to look beyond their own petty interests and their own narrow lives. In spite of innumerable leagues and associations for peace in every country (the English League of Nations Union alone numbers over 400,000 members), public opinion is not yet organized for the promotion of peace, and nearly the whole press in each land, reflecting the mind of the masses, is either actively militarist or vague and apathetic in support of peace. War in the event is made inevitable before the pretence of consulting the people is gone through. We have only to read the diplomatic memoirs of the past and present generations or the excellent summary from the pen of Mr. Garvin of the preliminaries of the Great War, which forms the opening chapters of "These Eventful Years," to see the old diplomacy, the instrument of the old international moral chaos, in action. And as long as States, which are "moral persons," do not act on moral principles, but, unchecked by the citizens that compose them, are ever trying to overreach each other, covet each other's territory, interfere unfairly with each other's trade, show themselves dishonest and untrustworthy, they will always feel free, as of old, to use the threat of force as the readiest diplomatic weapon to secure their purposes, and to magnify armaments so as to give that threat the more weight.

The task, therefore, before the Christian who can read the signs of the times is to recognize his responsibility, as a citizen, for the international conduct of his country, and to be ready to call to the test of morality any action or policy of his Government. If he is to be the instrument of justice, he must, for the relief of his conscience, be shown where justice lies. He must, in other words, take an interest in his country's relations with other countries, and be solicitous for her honour in the Christian sense, lest the reproach of selfishness or injustice be attached to her. It is for that reason that Catholics in England, with the full approval of their hierarchy, have formed an association to keep alive and spread this sense of civic responsibility, and of our strict duty to bring Christian principles to bear in all our estimates of human action. I call it a duty, for the Catholic is by his very profession a missionary and an apostle. For that reason, instead of founding a new *ad hoc* organization, it was thought preferable to constitute the "Catholic Council for International Relations" out of representatives of already existing Catholic societies. Whatever be their diversity of aim, such societies have, as Catholic, a common interest in the furtherance of the Church's doctrine on the ethics of peace and

war, which sum up all international dealings, and a common obligation to study and apply that doctrine. It is because not all realize that interest and that obligation that the Council has been formed. To be hopeless of success in the effort to abolish unjust war and therefore apathetic in making the effort, is to fail in belief in the force of Christian principle. To oppose, sneer at, neglect the feeble attempts which many are making to shake off the burden of warfare, because of their inadequacy, is to share the guilt of the militarist who knows no right but might.

Therefore, I venture to think that the C.C.I.R. deserves the active support of all Catholics. Their faith and the guidance of the Church secures them against extremes. Outside the fold, those zealous for good not infrequently fall into excess. We have the record of what occurred at the C.O.P.E.C. Congress at Birmingham last year to illustrate that tendency. Tolstoyism, Prohibition, Socialism itself, are other examples of zeal devoid of guidance degenerating into fanaticism. From that, Christian revelation, interpreted by Christ's authority in His Church, saves the Catholic. If only all members of the Faith throughout the world combined to put in practice what they are taught concerning the rules of right intercourse between the members of the human family, styled nations, the possibility of a new war would be made indefinitely remote. The C.C.I.R. exists in this country to teach them: the present state of Europe, as sketched above, shows that it has not been formed a day too soon.

I have said that, as the years pass, the moral lesson of the late war can be learned only by history. Already its horrors and crimes are being softened by remoteness. That suggests the reflection that chiefly on Catholic teachers and on the authorities of Catholic schools lies the duty of making right views of international relations prevail. It is appalling to think how much false ethics is imbibed through the many non-Catholic historical influences to which our students are exposed in text-book and story-book, by the indiscriminating acceptance of the views of non-Catholic historians, by the absence, in histories written by Catholics themselves, of that strict reference of all events to the standard of the Christian code, whereby alone they can be truly judged. A great responsibility thus rests upon the history teachers in all our schools, lest our children should, as it were, unconsciously adopt unsound principles of nationalism or wrong views of the evil of war.

Recently there has been conducted in France, under the auspices of the "Carnegie Endowment for International Peace," an enquiry into the teaching of "nationalism" in the chief European countries engaged in the war. A summary of this *enquête* is given in *La Documentation Catholique* for December 13th, wherein the results are confined to the school-books of France and Germany—the two countries *par excellence* where true views on this subject should prevail if future war is to be avoided. The summary declares that, out of an inspection of about 70 French school-histories and readers, and 54 German, together with 18 school-journals, the conclusion emerges that the best and most widely-used of the French books show prudence and moderation in their treatment of the subject, whilst the more violent and chauvinist are also the less widely diffused. On the contrary, we are told that the German manuals are almost entirely conceived and written in the old *Deutschland-über-Alles* spirit, militarist and imperialist in tone, in spite of the enactment in the Weimar Constitution (article 148) that "teaching should have in view the formation of civism . . . in the spirit of German nationalism and the reconciliation of peoples." We are assured that the enquiry was conducted with the utmost impartiality by "*plusieurs bénédictins*," who were keen to detect chauvinism in the French works and anxious to find some change of spirit in the German. If their verdict is true it behoves our brethren in Germany to attend to a matter which perhaps, under after-war conditions, has been overlooked. Whatever sense there is of human solidarity and of the need of international peace in Germany is said to be found in Socialist manuals: yet Catholics have stronger grounds in their faith for international love and harmony.

It would have been interesting to read what the enquirers found in English history-books, some 50 of which were under examination; they are not likely, I am afraid, to be open to the reproach of overlooking or minimizing national exploits; however, the summary does not say. The idea of the investigation is a sound one, for it is easy to implant in the mind of youth the seeds of an aggressive and un-Christian nationalism by mere inadvertence or by shirking the labour of applying necessary correctives. In our schools, then, I make bold to suggest, our C.C.I.R. will find a wide field of usefulness. In its conferences and study-circles it should endeavour to engage the help and sympathy of Catholic teachers. The Catholic training-colleges should attract the first and best of its efforts, if it is really to

prove a real living force for good. The teaching of civics has already been introduced into many of our schools, thanks to the operations of the Catholic Social Guild. Of no less importance is the teaching of international relations, and the purging of our history courses of every vestige of unsound international morality.

We shall need a well-educated public opinion if we are to escape drifting into the whirlpool of war in the troubled times before us. The peace of Europe demands the removal from the Peace Treaties of those elements of friction and irritation which the desire to punish and to weaken introduced into them. Such revision, which will free, as far as possible, racial minorities from inclusion in the wrong State, or at least secure for them equality of citizenship, which will reduce or limit such indemnities as prove a hindrance to general prosperity, which will insist on universal reduction of armaments and a rigid control over their manufacture, will need the united efforts and goodwill of all the civilized States. Therefore, the League of Nations must be made, by the inclusion of Germany and even of Russia, by the support on their own terms of the United States of America, by the adhesion, again, of the Holy See under such conditions as will give full play to its unique moral influence —the League, I say, must be made really effective. In the perfecting of it lies the hope of the world. The rejecting or the weakening of it means chaos come again. International all-inclusive guarantees, not national armaments, however mighty, are the only basis of security and peace. "International animosities, the melancholy legacy of the war, work to the detriment even of the victors, since they prepare for all a future fraught with fear. It should not be forgotten that the best guarantee of security is not a hedge of bayonets, but mutual trust and friendship."

These are the words of the present Holy Father, written on occasion of the Genoa Conference. We are entering upon the Holy Year of Jubilee, when the whole Catholic world will be represented about the Throne of Peter, both the source and the sign of the common faith that unites it. May it prove a turning point in the history of the nations when the world-wide Church, recognizing the barbarity and futility of war, devotes her full energies to the re-establishment of the Peace of Christ in Christ's Kingdom.

JOSEPH KEATING.

STARVED SOULS

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE LEAKAGE QUESTION

IN THE MONTH for February, 1887, the Rev. C. Giles wrote an article called "The Leakage of the Catholic Church in England: Its Remedy," in which there are certain remarks that make it evident that his paper was not the first word on the subject. Father Giles's paper was followed by another, by the late Mr. James Britten, called "The Loss of Our Boys," which appeared in the April MONTH of the same year. In THE MONTH for May, 1895, "Secular Priest" gave us an article called "How to Stop the Leakage," which recalls the Catholic Truth Society's pamphlet with the same optimistic title, by the Rev. John H. Wright, S.J., this pamphlet being loosely connected with another article in THE MONTH (June, 1919) called "An Experiment in After-Care Work," by the Rev. Bruno Walkley, O.P. Concurrently with all this we had, as we still have, in the Catholic Press generally, periodical eruptions on the subject, which moreover forms the *raison d'être* of the work of the various Catholic "Rescue Societies" in England.

It is clear, then, that the subject with which this paper deals is not new. Nor, since events have shown that the remedies suggested were either unapplied or unsuccessful, can it be called a cheerful subject. What justification, then, is there for producing once again this old conundrum of Catholicity in England: how are we to stop the leakage? Simply, that the evil is so great that anyone who may have some contribution to make to the discussion of it may as well have his say, and that the present writer hopes that his treatment of it may at least be new and suggestive. Is it not possible that many efforts to find a solution to this problem have failed because there was not sufficient attention given to an analysis of the evil itself and an investigation of its cause? Had that been more thoroughly attempted, is it not possible that we might find the best hope of a solution, not so much in the devising of some new plan, as in the correction of some old defect? This is the method, then, which is followed here: to state the nature of the evil, principally by a consideration of its product—the lapsed Catholic; to investigate the cause of this evil; and, finally, to offer some suggestions with regard to its solution.

In a general way, it may be said that the evil to which this

paper refers is not so much the leakage, as the abnormal nature and extent of that leakage. As this paper is concerned with experience rather than statistics, no sweeping generalizations can be made from it. For all that, the writer does not give his own personal experience as if he had taken no other opinion. He has taken the opinion of four or five other secular priests, and found that it coincides entirely with his own. It should be added that neither the writer nor any priest whose opinion he has taken, has any intimate knowledge of conditions in those few districts in England where the Catholics form a large percentage of the people. He is speaking from experience of districts in which Catholics are roughly about three to five per cent. of the population. In a word, he is speaking from experience of conditions which are pretty general throughout the country.¹

The first conclusion one comes to as a result of such experience is that it seems exceptional rather than ordinary to find a boy who has left a Catholic Elementary School turning out a really fervent follower of his religion in later life. The second conclusion is that the number of those who, so far from being fervent, do not maintain any practice of their religion at all, is distressingly large and alarming. What percentage of non-practising men of this kind there may be is very difficult to say : principally because it is so difficult to classify human beings, and say precisely when an individual may be considered as completely lapsed. It is not to be supposed for a moment that in such cases of lapse there is any positive renunciation of the Faith, but there is a renunciation of it in so far as these lapsed Catholics no longer attend Church and frequent the Sacraments, or act as if the instruction imparted to them in childhood had any dynamic or practical value for them in later life. The behaviour of the girls is very little better than that of the boys. It has been said that in this paper we are going to consider the lapsed Catholic, the product of the leakage, and it must be understood that we are not taking the most aggravated cases, but such as are still amenable in some way to correction, and react after a fashion to the stimulus of encouragement and good advice. Even among such cases there is often to be noticed an absence of appreciation of the immense gravity of the obligations of their Faith, and the vital and practical nature of the Sacraments ; in a word, an absence of Catholic mentality, that

¹ If one excludes the Dioceses of Liverpool and Salford, the percentage is a trifle under 4. (This calculation is made from statistics in the *Catholic Directory*, 1924.)

keeps one in a continual state of anxiety and insecurity on their behalf. Nor can one's sensations regarding them be restrained within the ambit of anxiety and insecurity alone, for this unappreciative attitude of theirs is not infrequently the cause of concrete difficulty to a priest in the most sacred portion of his work, that is to say, in the administration of the Sacraments. Parents of the most languid and casual Catholicity bring their children to be baptized, and it is, in a measure, a triumph of hope over experience to decide that these "Baptizandi" are going to fulfil, in later life, the promises that are made for them vicariously at Baptism. Especially so is this the case when the God-parents, who are unearthed for the occasion, are unable to recite the Apostles' Creed in the course of the ceremony. A kindred difficulty not infrequently makes its unlovely presence felt when it is a question of the Sacrament of Matrimony. Often, the Catholic parties to mixed marriages have not been to the Sacraments for a long time, and where a clear exposition of the fact that matrimony is a Sacrament of the Living, and carries with it life-long obligations of the gravest kind, leaves them quite unmoved, they will sometimes yield to the importunity of the priest and go to the Sacraments before marriage, but then they do so more out of deference to the priest, than through a realization of their own responsibility. In such cases, how far can one attribute any seriousness of mind to the promise which a Catholic of this kind makes before a dispensation can be secured : that he or she promises to do his or her best to bring about the conversion of the non-Catholic party by *prayer and good example*? Even in the case of the sick and dying, where one might think the "*umbra mortis*" at least would have an arousing influence, the same mentality occasionally obtrudes. The failure to appreciate the Real Presence is sometimes manifested by the sick by their efforts at conversation with the priest on the most trivial subjects, while he is actually preparing to give them Holy Communion. This defect is an unfortunate but infallible key to their mentality. Moreover, some of those who surround the dying do not find their responsibilities very oppressive, for the writer was once refused permission to see a girl who was dangerously ill by her pseudo-Catholic mother, on the ground that the "disturbance" incidental to the administration of the Last Sacraments would be bad for the patient. We are not concerned for the moment to say how far these alleged Catholics are responsible for their behaviour, but we are simply describing the

product of the leakage, and the milder product at that. In some of the more aggravated cases the difficulty, at least as far as the Sacrament of Matrimony is concerned, does not occur, for the parties go elsewhere than to the Catholic Church.

Some people suggest that regular visitation of such cases by a priest would be productive of much good, but experience shows that there are some people who are perfectly priest-proof, for (to abbreviate what would take some time to explain in detail) they are too undeveloped in Christian Faith and Morals to see the "Alter Christus" in the priest, or to appreciate the value of the Sacraments he could give them ; they do not see in him the minister of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God ; though they sometimes value in a human way the distinction of being visited by the "nice gentleman" they take him to be, and are vaguely sorry that they do not live up to, because they do not understand, the standard of life that he prescribes for them. Almost without exception, such cases are deserving of sympathy, for their general friendliness conveys the impression that they have lapsed without malice, if one cannot go so far as to say that they have lapsed without offence. They give the impression that they have never understood. Such people are not Catholic minded, and they prove it by the manner in which a total omission of religious practice is reconciled in them with an amazing tranquillity of conscience. What is said to them about their obligations as members of the Church does not appeal to them as a thing that has any contact with reality, and they appear to be unconscious, though politeness keeps them from saying so, of wrong-doing in omitting what they are told they ought not to omit.

It is not uncommon for a Catholic mother of this kind, who never darkens the door of any Church, to say : I always do my duty by my children. This mental reconciliation of duty with irreligion is a serious matter, for it expresses a mere substitution of the natural law for the positive teaching of Christ; it expresses all the difference between nature and grace. If one tries to show them that the Incarnation was not necessary to promulgate the idea of life such as they express in this remark, they have nothing to say, for they have no understanding of the personal nature of the relations of their souls to Our Blessed Lord. The idea of using their lives as an expression of holy intimacy with Him has not been grasped by them ; not only as a practical rule of life, but even as a matter of Catholic doctrine. This shows an absence of the Catholic mind, for, though one

whose understanding of the Faith is excellent may go astray, he cannot for all that regard Our Blessed Lord as a mere historical figure, but must feel the reproach of having offended a Friend who is not very far away from each of us. These are serious reflections, for they lead one to conclude that the type of person we have been describing is not alive to the existence of the supernatural life, which is the central fact of our Holy Faith. Speaking theologically, we may say that the supernatural life means the elevation of human beings to a state in which they live as the adopted children of Almighty God, a state to which they have not as much right as, and indeed—without prejudice to the “obediential” power of the human soul—infinitely less than, a plant, for example, has to the life of man. Speaking in the concrete, we may say that it is by a realization of the intercourse between his soul and his Redeemer that a Catholic shows his understanding of this life; for it means living as the friend of Our Blessed Lord, and such friendship is not possible between a human person and a Divine Person, unless the former be elevated by grace to a supernatural state. It is just the failure to see this, even as a matter of doctrine, that surprises us with so many of our people, and that leads us to conclude that the leakage from our Church is to be attributed to this: that as far as Catholic mentality, or understanding of the things of Faith is concerned, numbers of our people are quite undeveloped.

Having stated the nature of the evil that exists, we must now try to find the cause of it. One must say at the outset that some popular explanations we hear from time to time have their own particular value indeed, but that they are only partial and not full explanations of it. Thus, one is told at times that the great cause is that so many of our children are sent to non-Catholic schools, either through neglect of parents or absence of schools. This is a typical instance of the partial explanation, for the fact that it is not a full explanation is indicated clearly enough by the leakage among those who in childhood did attend a Catholic school. The cause of it all lies a little deeper perhaps.

In the first place, we must remind ourselves that the boy who leaves a Catholic elementary school is going out into a world that is entirely out of sympathy with his school-engendered piety. We are not referring now to the dangers of bad companions, or the dangers arising from a particular set of circumstances in an individual case. What we are referring to is

something more difficult to escape from, something which every child must encounter on leaving school, and it is this : that he is opposed by public life and public opinion around him. He has to become a unit of organized society, whose deliberate opinion, as expressed in its mode of living, is this : that what is usually understood as "practising one's religion" is a thing that is practically uninfluential as far as life and reality are concerned. He will be severely handicapped in his struggle with this opinion, if, while he was yet a schoolboy, the discipline of the school and the discipline of the Church were not carefully dissociated in his mind, and made to appear as things entirely distinct. In any case, it is going to be a hard struggle for him. There is the danger that he may not have appreciated the fact that the connection between practising one's religion and everyday life is intimate and essential ; that Holy Communion is not only the most holy but the most practical of all religious acts ; that Confession and the other Sacraments are instituted on account of, and in relation to Holy Communion ; that Holy Communion is the most perfect way of attaining Christian life, which does not simply mean the observation of a moral code under the knowledge that God exists, but the knowledge of God Himself, through the knowledge and love of Our Blessed Saviour ;¹ Jesus being the way, the truth and the life that brings us to the Father.² If a boy or girl be ignorant in this manner, and such ignorance is usually inevitable in this sense at least, that the new perspective that comes to a maturing mind and riper experience of life during adolescence requires a re-statement of these truths, then there remains nothing but what one might call a moral code, as the connecting thread between life and the practice of religion, which, since a great Protestant slogan is that "we are all agreed about Christ's moral teaching," becomes, to a child in Protestant surroundings, a thread of great tenuity. The day is not long delayed when the thread is broken, the divorce between life and religious practice is complete, and the boy or girl lapses, unmaliciously if one may say so, though such a step is not easily retraced, for henceforth they have neither the leisure nor the pliability to learn once again as they did at school.

At this point, let us remind ourselves of one or two ordinary psychological facts. Children of fourteen, the age when they usually leave school, are entering on the most critical time of life, not merely from the moral but from the *mental* point of view.

¹ John xvii. 3.

² John xvi. 6.

During the period of adolescence they form that estimate of life that they are pretty certain to retain to the end of their days. What exactly happens during this time? Up to the age of fourteen or so young people lead a life that is almost totally one of dependence on others. It is during the period of adolescence that this is altered, and from being supported by and dependent on others (we are speaking principally of mental development) they begin to take their own place in a voluntary and spontaneous way in life. Their increasing knowledge of life and growing experience supply them with that material from which they draw conclusions with regard to behaviour in general, conclusions upon which their voluntariness and spontaneity rest, and out of which they have grown. In the case of young people, whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to keep them at a College or Convent during this period, this material is derived from a Catholic source, and though they may lapse in later life, the lapse is nearly always curable, for their estimate of life is Catholic, and their voluntariness and spontaneity embrace religious practice at least potentially. In the case of the poorer children from the elementary schools—the great majority of our people—the material supplied them during adolescence is non-Catholic in its source; it is simply the non-Catholic life and opinion around them, and while they take their place in life in accordance with the nature of things, there is one momentous defect—their increasing knowledge and experience supply them with no material that would naturally beget an attitude of voluntariness and spontaneity with regard to the practice of their religion.

It is at this point that the writer would suggest that there is something at fault in our catechetical system. Where public life and opinion, the things that determine one's general behaviour to a great extent, are in opposition to Catholic truth, it would seem to follow that young people should receive such continual instruction as would ultimately educate them in their Faith. By educating them in their Faith is meant leading them to such an understanding of it that they can use it profitably in reference to the difficulties that are created by their state in life. In Catholic countries the Faith of young people survives marvellously in spite of any lack of instruction, because increasing experience of Catholic public opinion only serves to strengthen the things they learnt in childhood; and no serious crisis arises except in the event of their migrating to some other country where public opinion is opposed to the

truth. The collapse of some Catholics newly arrived from Catholic countries in a Protestant environment is usually not through a want of Faith, but a want of understanding ; usually a mental rather than a moral defect. It is, of course, undeniable that no one can lose the Faith without blame, but it only leads to confusion of thought to persist in indiscriminate censure, and fail to see that the problem is mental more than moral. No one, who has had any experience of dealing with children from our Catholic schools, would be so absurd as to suggest that their speedy lapse from the Church is due to a moral defect entirely. On the contrary, any experienced person knows that the goodness of these children at leaving school is marvellous. In non-Catholic surroundings, then, there ought to be such instruction as has been suggested ; educative instruction, giving such knowledge as can be used in the practical issues of life, knowledge that develops to some extent a critical faculty from the Catholic standpoint, which is a great preservative of the truth. Yet what is there for our young people when they leave school ? As far as anything systematic is concerned, there is nothing. Sermons and instructions from the pulpit cannot be used for the benefit of the young to the exclusion of the congregation as a whole, and what is said from the pulpit is too remote and impersonal to create that spontaneity which young boys and girls require. Besides, many boys and girls of about fourteen years of age do not understand what sermons are about.

Nor can anything we do for boys and girls at school obviate the necessity for this continued instruction, for their immaturity of mind excludes, in the main, that deeper perception of the things of Faith necessary for its survival in non-Catholic surroundings. It is, however, perfectly true that at school we can at least prepare for the crisis. Much care can be taken with our children while they are still at school to teach them to look upon their religion from the proper point of view. We can insist on the essence of it, which is growth in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ ; we can avoid the tendency to teach Christianity in a topsy-turvy sort of way, as if the Ten Commandments were the hub of the whole Catechism. Christianity is dishonoured by being explained as a mere natural code of morals, for it holds out to every follower an exalted way of life such as no natural considerations can render possible ; it makes possible and sets before us a life of perfection such as no motives but those derived through the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ can help us to attain. Yet, in spite of all precautions,

it would seem that, when they leave school, much is still required to develop the immature minds of these young people. New thoughts, begetting new valuations of life, must inevitably come to them as they are growing up, and since a man takes the material for his thoughts from his environment, the danger is that in bad surroundings these thoughts will be of a kind to supersede the piety of childhood. The Kingdom of Heaven, which is like to a mustard seed, is still a delicate and growing plant in these young souls, quite unsuited to the harsh element of non-Catholic life, and so it must still be fostered and protected until its maturer growth gives it a power of resistance within itself.

From what has been written so far one is perhaps justified in thinking that the fundamental cause, as distinct from partial and contributing causes, of the leakage is the adverse influence of non-Catholic life and public opinion on the immature and unformed minds of our Catholic boys and girls, and the absence of anything in our catechetical system to counteract that influence. The remedy for such a state of affairs is not very difficult in theory. If every Catholic boy and girl could attend a Catholic secondary school during the critical time of youth, and if these secondary schools put the formation of a Catholic mentality in the head line of their syllabus, we could solve the problem of the leakage, as far as things can be solved in an imperfect world. But since the great mass of our people's children have no opportunity to avail themselves of this solution, we must find for them some substitute. We must put some weapon into the hands of the young to enable them to withstand the influence of life around them, the influence of what is called "this world" in the New Testament. How are we to give the young this power? In the writer's opinion there is one means and only one, and that is: to make provision that their understanding of the things of Faith should not be allowed to fall behind their understanding of the things which this world teaches them with such rapidity during this interesting, critical and dangerous period of adolescence. Each one of us must retain the simple faith and spirit of a child if we wish to save our souls. Is it not abundantly clear that to preserve this childlike spirit in our young people who are cast into a cynical and iconoclastic world will require no little fostering in them of faith and morals? It will require such highly competent and sympathetic teaching as is demanded by their growing knowledge and experience. It will require that, in the light of this

growth, our explanation of the things of faith becomes deeper and more penetrating, so that at each emergence of the spirit of questioning and doubt that may arise in the critical time of youth, this instruction may act as a running comment, showing that behind the faithful and childlike spirit there is ever a deep truth in support, that the more the storms of life may rage around this edifice of the faith within them, the more evident it becomes that it is built upon a rock.

The practical question as to how this instruction for the young is to be arranged, how their attendance is to be secured, and so forth, the writer intends to show in another paper. Suffice it to say here that he believes it can be arranged without any extraordinary trouble, and without the expense that is often incurred in attempting extra things for our young people. Moreover, it will afford an opportunity for the most interesting and profitable work for such laymen and women as are prepared to undertake it under the Church's guidance, and it is not necessary that they should belong to any existing lay Catholic body. Especially might it appeal to well-educated Catholic men and women, who have at present no outlet for their enthusiasm, and who, for one reason or another, fight shy of an outlet that involves publicity. It would involve no acceptance of a set of rules and regulations, for, so long as we have the right people to undertake this work, it is not so much a question of rules and regulations, or any set form of a society, that need concern us, but simply seeing what there is to do, and seeking under God's good guidance to choose the best means of doing it.

J. P. MURPHY.

(*To be concluded.*)

“THE GREAT ATHANASIUS”

IT was Cardinal Newman who said that the figure of St. Athanasius stands out more grandly in the pages of Gibbon than in those of almost any other Church historian. In spite of himself, Gibbon was carried away by the romantic splendour of that wonderful life. The lofty detachment of the historian and the cold affectation of his unique manner disappeared; and the cynical chronicler became, for the time being, the ardent hero-worshipper. It is, indeed, a most curious inconsistency on the part of the great writer.

For consider. Here you have an historian who was admittedly no admirer of the Church in her infancy, who, with all the force of an unparalleled eloquence, hurled his savage sarcasms at the devotion of her martyrs, who sneered at dogma and scoffed at the, to him, fatuous subtleties of Nicaea, to whom St. Antony the Great and St. Pachomius were merely unbalanced, overwrought fanatics, and “who was the originator of the bitter taunt about the ‘iota’ of difference which separated the loyal Catholic from the heretical Arian.”

And yet it is no exaggeration to say that the hero of that marvellous second volume of the *Decline and Fall* is the very man who made the exclusion of that “iota” from the Catholic creed his lifelong task, who spread the monastic ideal with passionate enthusiasm through the Western Empire, who was the author of a tender and beautiful biography of St. Antony and who, for nearly half a century, maintained an unwavering front against the powerful forces of the Arians. Gibbon could sneer at the intense zeal of St. Jerome, could lash himself into a cold fury over the vigorous methods of St. Cyril and could even find scope for his sarcasm in the great learning of St. Augustine. St. Athanasius, alone of all the Fathers, drew forth his unstinted admiration. He could understand and sympathize with the great Patriarch of Alexandria; he failed utterly to understand and sympathize with the Church. He was genuinely moved by the triumph of Athanasius; the survival of the Catholic Faith seemed to him an irritating side-issue. He made a hero of Athanasius the warrior; he cared nothing for Athanasius the Catholic.

The life of St. Athanasius was probably more packed with incident and adventure than that of any of the Fathers. Appointed to the episcopate of Alexandria five months after the Council of Nicaea, he held that office for forty-six years, of which no less than twenty were spent in exile. Five times he was banished, five times restored. For many years a price was put on his head by the Imperial mandates and he was hunted like a wild beast through the Egyptian deserts, seeking shelter and food in the caves of hermits and the cells of monks. On one occasion in Alexandria, when the soldiers were following him on a red-hot trail, he lay hidden for some hours in a dry cistern. During a close pursuit by the Imperial "feluccas" on the Nile, he escaped inevitable capture by doubling audaciously on his tracks and confronting his pursuers, when, in response to their excited questionings, one of his companions declared that they had seen the Bishop of Alexandria a few minutes ago further up-stream.

Never for one moment during those long years did the steadfastness of his resolution or the vigour of his faith relax. During the periods of enforced absence from his episcopate he conducted an enormous correspondence and wrote voluminously on those matters that lay nearest his heart. His *History of the Arians*, his *Life of St. Antony*, his *Letters to Serapion*, and many other works were written in the deserts of Egypt. After the wildly enthusiastic scenes which accompanied his various re-instaments in the episcopal palace, he never permitted his followers to indulge in any revengeful measures against those who had persecuted him and them so relentlessly. His firmness was always tempered with moderation and he knew, like St. Francis of Sales, that the real hatred of heresy is only dictated by love of the heretic.

He was a man of vast experience and gigantic learning. He could sway the great congress of Nicaea by his rhetoric; he was equally at home in the courts of princes and in the humblest dwellings in the back streets of Alexandria. He was known and loved by the monks of Tabenne and Nitria; for, with the inspiring qualities of the born leader, he combined the calm piety of the saint. He was, perhaps, the most powerful and influential figure in Christendom, the loyal servant of the vigorous Pope Julius I., the staunch defender of the less assertive Liberius,—an illustrious warrior and a most gallant gentleman.

Born in the year 295, he had, at the age of eighteen,

adopted the monastic life. In 319, however, St. Alexander, his predecessor in the Patriarchal See, recalled him from the desert and engaged him as his secretary. In that capacity he accompanied the bishop to the Council of Nicaea.

We can picture the scene of that tremendous congress of 318 bishops,—the fiery eloquence of the young deacon from Alexandria, the surprise and veiled hostility of the Arian leaders. And then, looking round, we are grimly reminded of the recent persecution under Diocletian; for there, with an empty eye-socket and a hamstrung leg, is Paphnucius, Bishop of the Thebaid, and here, with his useless right hand, is Paul of Neo-Cæsarea, who was tortured by fire. Now a fresh peril is confronting the Church and, as events are to show, the decision of the Council is hardly more than the open declaration of war. On the surface it was the question of an "iota." Actually the basic truths of the Christian revelation were at stake.

But Nicaea was more, even, than this. It marked the beginning of the age-long struggle between the Church and the secular power,—or, as M. Jean Carrère has it, between Peter and Cæsar. Arianism was to become, almost at once, the sword of the Eastern Emperors.

We do not propose to attempt, within the limits of a short essay, a biographical sketch of St. Athanasius. The subject is too large; it demands the whole historical setting of the fourth century as a background. We may read of that rollicking farce, the Council of Tyre, whose proceedings, in spite of the terrible verdict on the Patriarch, must have caused shouts of laughter throughout Catholic Christendom. In other quarters we find Emperors seeking to corrupt bishops by bribery and banishing those whose loyalty they could not subvert. We read of the Councils of Arles and Milan, when the Emperor Constantius played the double rôle of judge and plaintiff, announcing that, "I personally am the accuser of Athanasius." Liberius the Pope, Hosius, Bishop of Cordova and others who steadfastly refused their assent to the decisions of the assemblies, were summarily banished; and the Pope sends back a large sum of money, which had been offered by the Emperor to cover the expenses of his journey, with the haughty remark that it would help the sovereign to pay his soldiers and bishops.

Then there are those terrible scenes when the heretical Gregory of Cappadocia, appointed to replace St. Athanasius

after his second banishment, entered Alexandria for his enthronement by force of arms, employing Jews, heretics and even pagans in his bodyguard. Later, in 356, we find the soldiers of the Governor of Alexandria bursting into the church, in which St. Athanasius was saying Matins. The patriarch escapes by the skin of his teeth, but the holy vessels and ornaments of the church are seized, piled up in the square and set on fire, whilst the soldiers dance wildly round, invoking their idols and chanting the refrain, "Constans is kind and the Arians are with us."

Follows the appointment of the heretical George of Cappadocia. Six years later he is killed during anti-pagan demonstrations in the city and his body dragged in triumph through the streets on the back of a camel. St. Athanasius returns, but is expressly excluded from the Emperor Julian's edict of universal toleration. He is again banished and again restored. It is not until 364, in the reign of Valens, that he is finally reinstated in his episcopacy to pass the last nine years of his tumultuous life in peace and fruitful Catholic endeavour, "too great henceforth to be either persecuted or protected by the Empire."

Unless two points are very clearly borne in mind, the age of the great controversies is altogether unintelligible; and the student of the contemporary chroniclers will be tempted to abandon his task in perplexity and bewilderment. A trifling difference of opinion on some point of dogma was sufficient pretext for plunging a city into bloodthirsty riots; a hastily summoned synod of excited bishops would depose a Patriarch, slander, calumniate and excommunicate him, and proclaim a crusade against his followers; these things seem to occur on every page of the history of the period. Enthusiasms seem to be so intense, effects so violent, causes so trifling.

In the first place it must be noted that the Arian heresy, camouflaged by the innocent "iota," was absolutely fundamental. For by calling in question the perfect Divinity of our Lord, you at once called in question the whole Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation, the Atonement and the Resurrection. Arianism aimed at nothing less than the destruction of the Christian revelation.

In the second place the Arian heresy had a very great political significance. The Edict of Constantine was an admission that the Diocletian persecution had utterly failed; it was an admission that the Church had become too powerful

to be stamped out by the zeal of officialdom; it was a political necessity and a highly diplomatic move; but it was no more. The Church could still be hated; she could no longer be ignored. It is quite ridiculous to imagine that the Roman Emperors before Constantine were all savage and intolerant pagans, whilst his successors were all wise and devout Christian monarchs. The dissolute and vacillating princes of the fourth century, recognizing, it is true, Christianity as the Imperial religion, were quick to see in the vigorous loyalty of the true Catholic a grave menace to the continuance of that utter submission which they had been taught to expect from their subjects. Arius, in throwing down the gauntlet of heresy, provided them with a trusty and most opportune weapon.

From the death of Constantine in 337 to the accession of Justinian in 527, none of the Eastern sovereigns, except St. Pulcheria, manifested towards the Church anything more than a benevolent neutrality, whilst the majority, by fanning the flame of heresy and by actively interfering in ecclesiastical affairs, sought to subvert her influence and to undermine her unshakable unity.

The great champions of the Catholic Church in the East were thus fighting a battle on two fronts. The "hydra of heresy" derived the greater part of its strength and virulence from the Imperial palace. A jealous Empress, who herself died a pagan, conspired with heretical bishops to ruin St. John Chrysostom. St. Flavian, a later patriarch of Constantinople, was the victim of a sordid political intrigue, of which the Nestorian heresy was the rather transparent cloak. The adroit intrigues of Constantius, the life-long enemy of St. Athanasius, are thus summarized by Ammianus Marcellinus:

The Christian religion, which in itself is simple and easy he confounded by the dotage of superstition. Instead of reconciling the parties by the weight of his authority, he cherished and propagated by verbal disputes the differences which his vain curiosity had excited.

The events which followed the Council of Milan show very clearly the nature of this "vain curiosity."

A Christian heresy was, of course, a particularly valuable weapon in the hands of a nominally Christian Emperor. For, by means of a little skilful propaganda, dastardly and unscrupulous attacks on the Church could be made, so to speak, in the odour of sanctity and could be certain of winning the

whole-hearted approval of the numerous sincere and pious heretics, as well as of their more mercenary brethren, to whom the Imperial favour was the very breath of life.

We are now in a position to appreciate more fully the consummate greatness of St. Athanasius and to understand as much the relentless hatred of his enemies as the unswerving loyalty and confidence of his friends. More clearly than any other Patriarch of the fourth century he realized the full significance of the Church's position. From the very start he found himself in the forefront of the battle, for Arianism, it must be remembered, started in the East and swept Westward; and the violence of the attack and the determination of the attackers was not, perhaps, felt to the same extent in Rome as in the Byzantine episcopacies. Street fights and riots were terribly frequent in Alexandria, Antioch and Constantinople; but similar excesses were not, at that time, perpetrated in Rome. Probably the reason of this was that the Church in the East had, after Nicaea, few friends in the Imperial "entourage," whilst in the West the tremendous prestige of such men as St. Ambrose and, later, of St. Augustine, of Popes Julius I. and St. Damasus made disloyalty and rebellion almost unthinkable. Moreover, the bond between the Church and the Western Empire was greatly strengthened by the menace of the barbarian invasions.

In the East it was different. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, but for St. Athanasius, the Arians would have swept the Catholic Faith from the Eastern Empire. His friends in Egypt were at all times numerous and their loyalty remained unimpaired throughout; but there was not among the Egyptian bishops a man who would have been able to take the helm and to fight for forty-six years the desperate battle against Empire and heresy, from which the primate of Alexandria emerged so triumphantly. He was the born leader, and on his shoulders fell the whole burden of Eastern Christendom. We seem to see his frail figure as he stands on the shores of Alexandria, facing the Eastern horizon from which the clouds of battle roll menacingly towards him, the light of faith in his intense, restless eyes; he stands forth as the father and protector of his own vast diocese and the symbol of Catholic unity in the East. Ever and anon he turns and gazes towards Rome, as the soldier in the front-line sees in the rear the tents of the commander-in-chief. The battle is joined; and the great warrior is in his place.

A. L. MAYCOCK.

JEWEL : AN EARLY EXPONENT OF ANGLICANISM

CATHOLICS in England are sometimes reproached by Catholics abroad for being too intractable with their Anglican brethren, and for repelling truth-seeking souls by a harsh, inconsiderate dogmatism about the claims of the Church and the conditions for joining her. We hold that reproach unfounded : there is no lack of sympathy for Anglicans amongst us, still less is there any misunderstanding of their ecclesiastical position, such as perhaps affects some of our Continental critics. But sympathy which conceals or compromises the truth is not real sympathy, and the truth is that Anglicans are outside the visible fold of Christ, incapable of receiving the sacraments (except Baptism and Matrimony, which do not require orders), and in (unconscious) rebellion against His ordinances. We cannot think otherwise of them without denying the Faith, which tells us that the Church of Christ is One and Visible, and that its Head on Earth is the Roman Pontiff, who rules *de jure divino* over the whole flock. As for Anglicanism, it cannot be judged fairly by its present Protean aspects : it must be studied in its origin, as expounded by its first authors. As Father Lucas, S.J., has lately pointed out in *The Times*, the Elizabethan Establishment differed vitally from the old religion in doctrine (the XXXIX Articles), in government (King and Parliament for Pope) and in worship (the 1559 Prayer Book for the Missal). The Catholic Church went on in England, "in spite of dungeon, fire and sword," alongside the new false religion which had entered into its material possessions and tried, as it were, to exploit its "good-will." That Catholic Church survives still in unbroken continuity and communion with Rome, and the heretical Establishment survives also, unchanged in essence from its foundation. The following study of one of its founders, the impious Jewel, may serve to show our friends abroad how futile "conversations" with his religious descendants are likely to be.

Writing from London, March 8th, 1571, to Henry Bullinger, Richard Hilles refers to "that most learned and cultured, yea rather divine bishop, master Jewel of Salisbury."¹ And Grindal writes to the same Henry Bullinger on January 25th, 1572,

¹ *Doctissimus et humanissimus, imo potius divinus episcopus dominus Juellus Sarisburiensis.* *Zurich Letters.* 2nd Series, lxxiii.

"that excellent Bishop Jewel, of Salisbury (the jewel and singular ornament of the Church, as his name implies), we lost, or rather I should say, sent before us, about the beginning of October last."¹ Rudolph Gualter, the younger, writes from Cambridge to Josiah Simler on July 29th, 1572, "Jewel had already departed this life, to the great loss both of his country and myself,"² and Cox wrote from Ely to Henry Bullinger on February 12th, 1572: "The bishop of Salisbury (which I cannot relate without tears, as he was the treasure of the church of England) departed this life while on the visitation of his diocese, and hath gone from hence to heaven, to his gain indeed, but to our exceeding and intolerable loss."³

These are samples of contemporary eulogy in prose of the first official apologist of the new Elizabethan Church, John Jewel. It may not be uninteresting to give an example of the flights to which his departure prompted the Protestant Muse. Whether protest or poetry predominates in these efforts I remit to the judgment of the reader.

From the *Select Poetry, chiefly Devotional, of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, edited for the Parker Society in 1845, Vol. II, I take the following Epitaph by W. Elderton, which starts off with brave enough hyperbole :—

The juell of our joye is gone ; the happie heavens have wonne
 The greatest gift that ever was with us beneath the sonne ;
 Which makes such weeping eyes in Sallesbury, they saye,
 As all the ronning streames thereof can neuer washe awaye.
 Alas ! is Juell dead, the folder of the flocke ?
 If death have caught the diall up, then who shall keepe the clocke ?

An ingenious variant, this, upon *quis custodiet ipsos custodes* ! As the poet proceeds, his inspiration would seem to falter, and he gives us at the end a perfect example of "The Art of Sinking" :—

Meethinkes I see in heauen triumphant Truth appeare,
 And Faythfulness, which speake aloude, Let Juel now come neare.
 Th' apostelles all do please, meethinkes, to see his face,
 And all the angels go about to bring him to his place :
 Then Christ himselfe, meethinkes, I see begins to smile,
 And saithe, Beholde my chosen frende I looke for all this while :
 And Abraham rends his clothes and bouels out his breast,
 And sayth to Juel, Jumpe in here, and take thy quiet rest.

These last two lines, it will be granted, would take some beating ! The elegist's notions of heaven and poetry would appear to be much upon the same level !

¹ Actually September 23rd, 1571. (*Zur. Lett.*, 1st Ser., No. C.)

² Z.L., 2nd Ser., lxxxiv.

³ Z.L., 2nd Ser., lxxviii.

Another not less doggerel epitaph by Nicholas Boweman may be found on pp. 554-5.

If contemporary Protestants are almost unanimous in unqualified eulogy, contemporary Catholics are even more unanimous in emphatic condemnation alike of the man's character and writings. Those who answered his challenge, Harding, Stapleton, Rastall, Dorman, Sander, are not more severe than Blessed Edmund Campion, writing nearly ten years after his death.

When I was young, John Jewell, the Calvinist leader in England, was impudent enough to challenge the Catholics to a proof of their respective tenets from the works of the Fathers of the first six centuries.¹ The challenge was accepted by some well-known men then in exile and poverty at Louvain. I venture to say that Jewell's craft, ignorance, rougery, and impudence, as exposed by these writers, did more good to the Catholic cause than anything within my remembrance. A proclamation was immediately posted on the doors that none of the answers should be read or kept, though they had been squeezed out by a direct challenge. Every thinking man could see plainly that the Fathers were Catholic.²

A conscientious and detailed study of the controversy between Jewel and the Louvain writers led to the conversion of Francis Walsingham (a kinsman of Elizabeth's notorious minister) very early in the reign of James I. Walsingham expresses himself as beyond measure amazed at the impudence, blasphemy, forgery and mendacity of this Father of the Anglican Church, in his careful *Search made into Matters of Religion*.³

Indeed, anyone who examines candidly and critically the writings of Jewel will be obliged to make his own the verdict of Richard Bristow in 1574.

It is a thing very well knownen to most men of understanding, plainly perceaved of all that have made enquirie thereof, and by the effect (also thankes be to God) in the reclaiming of many thousand souls, evidently declared : that, as touching the controversies of this unhappy time, the

¹ Even Laurence Humphrey, his Puritan biographer, thought the terms of Jewel's challenge regarding the Fathers unwise. (See Bristow, *Motives*, ed. 1599, pp. 67-68.)

² *Decem Rationes*, V, apud Simpson's *Edmund Campion* (1907), 23.

³ First printed in Belgium in 1609, second edition, "Dedicated to the King's most Excellent Maty," (or Majesty), 1615, reprinted and published by Charles Dolman, London, in 1843, as the first volume of his "English Catholic Library" intended as a counterpoise to the Parker Society's Publications.

Catholikes have in every point sufficiently and manifestly proved to the world, the truth to be of their side, by booke written of the severall matters, not onlie in the latine tongue, but also in the common vulgar tonges of most Nations : namely in our English tongue, so substantially, that their adversaries the heretikes knowing they have nothing to gainsay, have not dared, once to goe about the answering of most of the said Catholike booke, but faine to get them forbidden by proclamation, although themselves provoked confidently the Catholikes to write them. And for those few that they have gone about to answe, they have made such numbers and heapes of shamelesse and open lies in their answeres, that very many of al degrees have by examining their said answeres, bin to the Catholike Faith converted : which, as it is like, by the Catholike booke alone had never bin converted.¹

The arguments upon which Jewel really relied are clearly shown in his self-revealing letters to his friends. To Peter Martyr he writes on May 22nd, 1560 : " Bonner, the monk Feckenham, Pate, Story the civilian, and Watson, are sent to prison, for having obstinately refused attendance on public worship, and everywhere declaiming and railing against that religion which we now profess. For the queen, a most discreet and excellent woman, most manfully and courageously declared that she would not allow any of her subjects to dissent from this religion with impunity."²

Jewel's delighted references to the ravaging of Scotland by the Knoxian rabble prove him to have been emphatically of their mind who

Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly, thorough reformation.

On August 1st, 1559, he tells Peter Martyr : " Every thing is in a ferment in Scotland. . . . the nobility with united hearts and hands are restoring religion throughout the country, in spite of all opposition. All the monasteries are every where levelled with the ground ; the theatrical dresses, the sacrilegious chalices, the idols, the altars, are consigned to the flames : not a vestige of the ancient superstition and idolatry is left."³

To appreciate his controversial methods, we must remember the terms of his challenge at Paul's Cross : " Let them shew me

¹ *Motives*, ed. 1599, p. 1.

² *Virili prouerso animo et fortiter pollicita est se non passuram ut quisquam suorum possit impune ab hac religione dissidere.*" (*Zur. Lett.*, xxxiii.)

³ *Zur. Lett.*, xvi.

but one only father, one doctor, one place, one sentence, two lines, and the field is theirs"; or, again, "If all the learned men that be alive be able to bring forth any one sufficient sentence out of any old Catholic doctor . . . I am content to yield and subscribe," &c.¹ Will it be believed, that, after issuing this challenge and meeting the answers with reliance upon the Government's tyranny, eked out with his own lies and forgeries, he posed as a peaceful man, only desiring to be let alone?

On February 8th, 1566, he writes to Henry Bullinger and Louis Lavater: "Our fugitives at Louvaine began during the last year to be in violent commotion, and to write with the greatest asperity against us all. Me alone they have attacked by name. And why so, you will say. I know not, unless it be that they know me to be of all men the most averse from strife, and the most unable to resist."² It is much as though a Bolshevik leader should complain of being persecuted by Mgr. Budkiewicz!

It may be worth our while to follow up these indications of a remarkable character, as revealed especially in his letters, for his mind was the mind of the whole Anglican Church of his time. In reading through this correspondence, I have been greatly struck by its negative character. Intense hatred of the Catholic Faith and Church, heartless ridicule of all that Catholics hold most sacred, these features are everywhere obvious, but constructive ideas, excepting that of an alliance both political and religious with the Scots,³ in order the better to trample out the Faith, are conspicuous by their absence. I will go further and venture a bold suggestion in avowing that the cynical mocking tone perpetually recurring alike in his books and his letters arouse in my mind the question whether Jewel had any positive belief at all. There is in many passages a daring distinctly blasphemous irreverence that distinguishes Jewel from the cruder and more ruffianly fanaticism of many of his colleagues both in England and on the Continent, a tone that reminds one of Gibbon or Renan, a would-be bantering impiety different from that of Voltaire, and subtle enough to escape the suspicion of his pedantic solemn associates in "the

¹ Apud Walsingham, *A Search*, etc., 172.

² *Zur. Lett.*, lxvii.

³ "It is now of the utmost consequence that the English and Scots should be united, not only in a political, but also in a religious alliance." (*Zur. Lett.*, xxxiv., to Peter Martyr, June 1st, 1560.) "They say that the queen of Scots still retains her Mass. God will, I trust, sometime open her eyes: for in other respects, she is, it is said, not badly disposed." (*Z.L.*, xliv., to Bullinger, February 9th, 1562.)

gospel." At least, I submit this suggestion as worth considering.

Take, for example, his treatment of the Mass, a subject which forms the touchstone of heresy throughout the early history of Anglicanism, as it was universally repudiated by its Founders. Of course, one expects to find in a "reformer" blasphemous abuse and hatred of the Holy Sacrifice. Miles Coverdale, for instance, "the infamous Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, the same who preached a thanksgiving sermon amidst the unburied corpses of the Devonshire Catholics murdered by Lord Russell's foreign brigands,"¹ uses concerning the Mystery of Faith such phrases as "the devil's daughter," "whore," and similar terms,² well befitting a promoter of the Edwardine Liturgy, but Jewel surely outgoes them all in his letter to Peter Martyr, written probably in May, 1559, wherein he says, "Our papists oppose us most spitefully, and none more obstinately than those who have abandoned us. This it is to have once tasted of the mass! He who drinks is made mad by it. Depart from it, all ye who value a sound mind; who drinks is made mad by it. They perceive that when that palladium is removed, every thing else will be endangered."³ To me the blasphemy of this passage is literally Satanic. And there are others like it. Describing to some fellow-apostate the state of England on his arrival, he says, "No part of religion was yet restored; the country was still everywhere desecrated with the Mass," a translation which hardly renders the offensiveness of the Latin original, "*eadem erat ubique missarum proluvies.*"⁴

None of this impiety is new, but it is our painful duty to emphasise it because Anglican apologists ignore it. Jewel is first-hand and irrefutable authority for the aims and methods of the Elizabethan religious changes. It was the Mass that mattered. On April 14th, 1559, he tells Peter Martyr (italics ours):—

The mass in many places has of itself fallen to the ground, without any laws for its discontinuance. If the queen herself would but banish it from her private chapel, the whole thing might easily be got rid of. Of such importance among us are the examples of princes. . . . She has, however, so regulated

¹ Littledale *Innovations* (1868), quoted in *Littledale v. Littledale*, by Rev. A. Richardson (C.T.S.), 6.

² Wks. pp. 264, 599 in Dom Norbert Birt, *The Line of Cleavage* (C.T.S.), pp. 51-52.

³ *Tanis est semel gustasse de missa!* "Qui bibit inde furit: procul hinc discedite, quaeis est mentis cura bona: qui bibit inde furit: vident erepto illo palladio omnia ventura in periculum." (*Zur. Lett.*, ix.)

Zur. Lett., iv., March 20th, 1559.

this mass of hers (*which she has hitherto retained only from the circumstances of the times*) that, although many things are done therein, which are scarcely to be endured, it may yet be heard without any great danger. But this woman, excellent as she is, and earnest in the cause of true religion, *notwithstanding she desires a thorough change as early as possible*, cannot, however, be induced to effect such change without the sanction of law ; lest the matter should seem to have been accomplished, not so much by the judgment of discreet men, as in compliance with the impulse of a furious multitude.¹

To the same worthy he writes on August 1st, 1559 : "Now that religion is everywhere changed, the mass-priests absent themselves altogether from public worship," which is explicit enough, one might think, to shatter the continuity myth for ever.

His testimony to the essential Protestantism, devoid of Orders as of Sacrifice, of the Elizabethan Church is equally clear and outspoken. To Peter Martyr he writes : " We have exhibited to the queen all our articles of religion and doctrine, and have not departed in the slightest degree from the confession of Zurich."² And to Josiah Simler he thus delivers himself on November 2nd, 1559 : " As to your expressing your hopes that our bishops will be consecrated without any superstitious and offensive ceremonies, you mean, I suppose, without oil, without chism, without the tonsure. And you are not mistaken ; for the sink would indeed have been emptied to no purpose, if we had suffered these dregs to settle at the bottom. Those oily, shaven, portly hypocrites we have sent back to Rome, from whence we first imported them."³

On February 7th, 1562, he writes again to Peter Martyr :—

Now that the light of the gospel has shone forth, the very vestiges of error must, as far as possible, be removed together with the rubbish, and, as the saying is, to the very dust. And I wish we could effect this in respect to that linen surplice : for, *as a matter of doctrine we have pared everything to the very quick, and do not differ from your doctrine by a nail's breadth* ; for as to the Ubiquitarian theory there is no danger in this country. Opinions of that kind can only gain admittance where the stones have sense.⁴

Such is the man whom the "Anglo-Catholic" Dr. Frere describes as "the chosen representative of the English reform,

¹ *Zur. Lett.*, vi.

² *Ibid.* vii.

³ *Ibid.* xxii.

⁴ *Ibid.* xlvi.

hostile to Rome, sympathetic to Geneva, but committed only to such assertions of Catholic truth as could be justified by reference to the double standard of the Scriptures and the doctrine of the primitive Church, as expressed by authoritative councils and the consent of the Fathers."¹ According to this, the primitive Church, authoritative councils and consent of the Fathers did not differ from the Protestantism of Zurich by a nail's breadth. This is interesting. Dr. Frere belongs to the "English Reform," yet would probably repudiate all Jewel's teaching about the Mass!

Dr. Frere and his party are too late to save Anglicanism. The original Elizabethan Settlement of which they are the lineal descendants was not only "hostile to Rome" but to the chief doctrines Rome taught. Jewel to-day, apart from his coarseness of language, might well be a colleague of the Bishop of Truro. The teaching of the "Fathers" of the English Church is faithfully reflected in the "Zurich Letters," and has been well summarized for all to read in Dom Norbert Birt's valuable pamphlet *The Line of Cleavage under Elizabeth*. Jewel, whose character is so faithfully portrayed in his correspondence, is representative not of a "school of thought" in early Anglicanism, but, as Dr. Frere allows, of the whole sect, and his spirit persisted for generations. Mockery, flippancy, the thousand-and-one shifts and tricks of an utterly unscrupulous defender of a hopelessly bad cause, form the substance of his writing, but violent hatred of all that Catholics hold most sacred is not peculiar to him, or singular among contemporary Anglican leaders. He is only a more fully developed Protestant with a more blasphemous tongue than the rest. But it is not his scurrility that interests us in these days in our study of bygone controversial manners. It is his witness, clear and unmistakable, that the Catholic Church was originally as distinct from the Anglican as light from darkness. We know of no process since by which they became identified. Jewel testifies to the gulf of cleavage. *Defunctus adhuc loquitur.*

H. E. G. ROPE.

¹ *The English Church in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.*, 1904, ch. v., p. 86.

"PAX ROMANA" AT BUDAPEST, AUGUST, 1924¹

FROM our *Travel-Chips*² we deliberately omitted any detailed description of the "Pax Romana" Congress at Budapest, which formed, after all, the main purpose of our going abroad at all. We may now be allowed to explain once more, briefly, the *raison d'être* of such congresses, and to make clear what they hope to do.

It may be best to describe, first, what actually happened. Representatives of the Students' Catholic Federations, or single Societies, of nearly every European nation and some others, met at Budapest in August and remained there for some days in conference. Germany did not send anyone, for the expense was too great: but an Austrian speaker represented the very strong German Students' Societies. Spain, too, though so actively involved, as a great neutral country, in the original formation of "Pax Romana," felt that Budapest, following on Salzburg last year, was too far off, and sent no delegate. However, our contact with Spain is likely to remain close, if only through the interesting "Ora et Labora" organization of Seville, and the Spanish Students' Federation whose headquarters are at Madrid. Next year, though the "Pax Romana" Congress must needs be in Italy, the Holy Year is bound to attract Spanish visitors; and in 1926 it has been asked that "Pax Romana" should meet in Luxemburg, which is still nearer. If the year after that we can meet in Spain, we trust that all desires will be satisfied, save that which demands that so soon as possible "Pax Romana" may meet in England. However, we must confess that foreign Catholics from as many different countries, and in fact more, as have met abroad, have met at our National Federation Congresses two years ago at Oxford, and last year at Birmingham.³ Belgium, to our great regret, was the other

¹ "Pax Romana" is the title borne by the International Federation of Catholic University Students, concerning which see THE MONTH, August, 1921, pp. 161 sqq.

² See THE MONTH for 1924. Oct. 308, Nov. 428.

³ Besides, the Catholic Council for International Relations, of which our Univ. Fed. is a component part, hopes to have an international conference in England next July.

country whose presence at Budapest was denied to us. By a happy chance, a Paulist father was able to come at the last moment to represent most interestingly the United States. China herself was there in the person of a Chinese student from Manchester!

Exclusive of my companion, Mr. R. J. Taylor of Birmingham University, for whose really heroic services both this year and last I cannot ever be sufficiently grateful, and myself, the English visitors numbered 33. We cannot imagine that so large a Catholic group has ever crossed the Channel, let alone visited Budapest, for other save pilgrimage-purposes, before. It did not consist exclusively of University students, but we had been glad to invite a few members of the teaching staff in secondary schools, or colleges, and even a few boys from the higher classes of such schools. Ladies and gentlemen came from Birmingham, Durham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Oxford, and Liverpool Universities, and from Bradford, Douai, Ampleforth, Stonyhurst and Gloucester. Especially welcome were the two ladies who came from an important non-Catholic school in the last-named district: they brought a very alive intelligence and practical sense which have issued, we may hope, in the facilitating of a Hungarian lady-doctor's training in England. Two other ladies were quite recent converts, and we know how much the sight of this ample Catholic life meant to them. Seven priests were also in our party, secular, Benedictine, and Jesuit; and one young man who is not a Catholic. As for this party, the work of the Congress really began, if not already at Innsbruck where they halted for the night and were welcomed in the Canisianum University-hostel and in convents, at any rate at Vienna, where Mr. H. O'Neill of Birmingham, Sheffield and Manchester Universities, who is Secretary of the British Catholic University Federation, and to whose quite indefatigable work the success of the expedition is really due, acted as "introducer" of his companions to Austrian friends he had made on previous visits to Vienna and Brno for similar congresses. The day spent in Vienna appears to have been too much of a sight-seeing rush for intimacy: but the peaceful journey by boat down the Danube, through entrancing scenery, and melodious with Austrian and Polish songs, brought the triple group of delegates to Budapest welded into a harmonious whole.

We ourselves joined them, as had been told, at Vácz, and

(apart from the more personal greetings offered by the villagers of Felsőgöd as we passed) the first symptom of the high importance attached locally to our advent was the presence on the quay of the Burgomaster of Budapest who had come down, with a great crowd, to meet us. It will be long, we fear, before the Lord Mayor of London comes to salute a group of foreign visitors, even to a Catholic Congress, upon Victoria platform! After the due speeches, the ladies of our party disappeared into the Gellért Hotel, which, along with the royal palace, seems to be the only specimen of the colossal new architecture that has leapt the Danube into the ancient city. The men went to the Szent Imre hostel, a fine austere building dedicated to University students (it has its other half, slightly different in character, not far from the Gellért Hotel. We were later on entertained richly to tea there). Luggage disposed of, everyone migrated to a restaurant, whose name I never captured, for supper, and there the spirit of the Congress was clearly seen. Who could have believed that Hungarian, Czech, Serb, Austrian, Italian, could meet and spend a week in such amity? True, it *was* but a week: one can string one's self up to fraternizing for so few days without much difficulty. But the point is, that throughout the Congress everyone went side by side to Communion, and also, discussed unflinchingly those *principles* that endure and that operate: the foundations of that "Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ" that neither politician, diplomatist, financier nor philanthropist will ever build alone. My companion kept insisting that were "Pax Romana" to achieve nothing more than such meetings of those whom all else separates, it would have done a worthy work. But, it was specifically a congress of students, and had a specific work to do.

That work began on the evening of next day, Sunday. The morning, as we have told, was spent in watching, and sharing in, the celebrations in honour of St. Stephen, the first Christian Hungarian king. We are glad to know that some of our party were able to be present at the Octave festivities.¹ The Hungarian Students' Federation gave us lunch in our College, and the University church was crowded at 5 p.m. for Benediction given by the Prince Primate of

¹ We possess a short, but very good film of this procession, and a number of slides of Hungarian and other scenes. We are anxious to spread the ideas of this and other papers, and would willingly lecture on the subject if lantern, etc., can be provided.

Hungary, Cardinal Czernoch. After it, everyone adjourned to the great hall of the Szent-István Társulat, where the inaugural session of the Congress took place. The Cardinal and the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Schioppa, sat side by side before the dais which was occupied by the President of the Congress, Mgr. Glattfelder, Bishop of Csanad, the Abbé Gremaud, Secretary of "Pax Romana," and the President of the Hungarian Federation, Dr. Herman. The Ministers of Education and Religion, and of Foreign Affairs, had sent their representatives, Count Apponyi wrote a noble letter of welcome, and speech followed speech from all these personages. Naturally, at such an inaugural meeting, general topics only were dwelt upon: these all summed themselves up in the emphatic declaration that the future was in the hands of the generation here represented, and that only if guided by Catholic principles would their action be safe. It was interesting to see that it was throughout taken for granted that these young men and women *would* act: perhaps, the first lesson an English visitor might learn was, that to abstain from some due and personal *rôle* never so much as entered the minds of these very positive and electrical young people. To us was entrusted the reading of Cardinal Bourne's letter of felicitation. His Eminence dwelt both in this letter, and in that which we had carried to the Students' Federation in Poland, "Odrodzenie," and in that destined for the Eucharistic Congress at Bratislava (Pressburg or Pozony) upon that nationalism which may be a Catholic's shame as easily as it may be his glory, the caricature no less than the true image of patriotism. He varied the treatment of his theme in accord with the nature of the group that was to receive his letters; but the theme was identical, and listened to at Budapest all the more intently because nationalism was to be the subject of a special discussion during the Congress. The special blessing of the Holy Father was transmitted to us by the Nuncio; and supper followed in the fine Patria club, where throughout the Congress inexpensive but very satisfying meals had been arranged for.

Every morning throughout the Congress there was a general Communion, on three of the four days in the Jesuit church, with sermons in German and Italian by Bishop Glattfelder, Dr. Rudolf of Austria, and Mgr. Pini, the leader of the Italian delegates; on the 23rd by ourself, in English, in the ponderous new basilica of St. Stephen, that heaves its

dome, almost like St. Paul's, above the wharves, over the new and most Hebrew city, Pest. Unnecessary to repeat the list of social entertainments in island-club or hotel; or our own supplementary visits to parish priests, professors, convents or the Nuncio. These lay outside the Congress proper. Nor is it necessary to speak of the purely financial side of the discussions, which occupied a special committee. Each Society or Federation that is member of the "Pax Romana" contributes according to a tariff judged reasonable. England is able to offer about £9 annually, which, along with the expenses of its bulletin, the I.U.M., since this does not so far quite pay for itself, and other items, is no slight burden.¹

The staple of the Congress consisted in the accounts of the year's activities made by one delegate from each country; two groups of papers on Missions and the campaign against public immorality—a campaign in which the League of Nations has the power to play a noble part;—a separate discussion about Nationalism; and the construction of a programme for the year. It would seem that the first and fourth of these items alone ought to be dwelt on here.

It was asked, in Berlin, whether "Pax Romana" had live ideas behind it. If not, it was still-born. It has. These are they. Catholics believe that they know certain things to be true, and of eternal value. They wish to preserve these, and to transmit them. The world at large may accept them, or may distrust and argue against them, or may hate and try to destroy them. Catholics of education have then to be able to withstand a manifold intellectualist attack, and, to be able to speak no less cogently, that is, no less intelligently, on behalf of their creed, than their enemies do against it. The Catholic, therefore, in process of being educated, or who claims to have finished his education, or, still more, who is providing education for others, has a special responsibility that all do not share. Looking near to home, we see that even the negative part of this—the not losing the faith—is still none too easy to make sure of. Only with the utmost diffi-

¹ I may say that we have tried not to be selfish. During the year we have not only completed our collection for destitute German students, amounting to about £120, but we have sent a small present to the reconstruction of a statue of Our Lady over-set by revolutionaries at Prague; a great number of books to Denmark, Cologne, and Budapest, and a few to Vienna; six sets of vestments to new parishes in Budapest; a gift of money to Felsogd church and to the Viennese Students' Federation; and over £5 to that of Hungary, convinced as we were that these generous hosts would be a good deal out of pocket over our entertainment.

culty do we keep hold of our elementary schools. As it is, a vast proportion of those who pass through them are forthwith lost sight of and never reappear in church. We have not a twentieth part of the secondary schools that we need, still less, of adequate teachers. (Though the number of teachers we have is too great for the schools we have. They go away, therefore, and teach, in tragic isolation, in non-Catholic schools.) We have not, nor shall have, any Catholic University. Those whose special business it is to see to the primary and secondary school problem, attend manfully to it. The University problem remains. The duty of trying to constitute Catholic societies in the Universities has been generously responded to. Without them, how would the Catholic mental formation of University students bear any relation to all the rest of their mental formation? It would bear none. Once more, we cannot afford to have a generation of educated young Catholic men and women twenty-three years old in all mental matters save their religion, and in that, thirteen. There is simply no question about the utility of such societies. They can rarely be ideal, but an article in the winter number of the Inter-University Magazine shows how good they can be, by the example of that at Leeds. But in any nation, it is soon found that such societies ought to be in contact with one another, else their power for good is tithed. No society is self-sufficient. It needs lecturers and ideamongers, so to say, from outside. It can perish from inbreeding. But once federated, such societies can not only cater for their own development, but could staff a dozen works that need doing and none of which can be locally done. In the summer vacation, the Franciscan hop-pickers' mission, the Midland fruit-pickers' mission, the Orkneys-to-Yarmouth fishers' mission, any amount of boys' camps like that from Besford Court, and a score of boys' clubs that we know (and twenty score that we don't know because they don't exist and that don't exist because they are unable to ensure a lay-staff), and dozens of troops of boy scouts in the same situation, could all of them be worked through a Federation of University Societies convinced of its social duty and using properly its own machinery. Rising in the scale, the S.V.P. work in England could be reduplicated by this means: and (in a sense still higher) what might not the C.E.G. thus become? The Federation of Catholic Societies in the Universities can deliver a national *punch* of terrific impact if once

it realizes its strength, and practises. The faith of every active member of each society can be vastly strengthened, and that of thousands of Catholic boys and girls perhaps actually saved, each year, once a Federation exists that works in concert to its full power.

But the continent has realized that Confederation yet again reduplicates this power. We have indicated one way in which a *Catholic sense* is fostered by Congresses. The listening to the accounts of work done by others stimulates to an unheard of degree the imagination of all. To hear how Holland sends University students, during vacation, "on tour," delivering lectures on social and religious subjects, startles one to whom it has never occurred that vacation was meant for more than amusement. Dutch students have a perfect system for collecting books for their foreign missions. They all seem to know just where their missions are. Do we? Can we all at once put our finger on—well, Uganda? Holland, able to design so boldly the cover of its Students' Magazine, astonishes us less when it tells us that its Catholic students have house-designing competitions, and have rendered thereby a massive social service. We seem to remember that before the war Liverpool did something of the sort: that kind of public work gives substance to academic study, and wins a general praise. Here, perhaps, we either just disregard non-Catholic societies, or mix with them, keeping our religious mind intact and to itself: Poland, for example, faces the problem much more squarely, and since Polish students, Catholic not least, are eager in the extreme to reconstitute their national life, they will not on the one hand eschew non-Catholics altogether, nor withdraw from national enterprises that seek to unite all young Polish men and women, and on the other they examine with remarkable accuracy in what they can co-operate and in what they cannot. Mere aloofness or mere fusion are equally disagreeable to them. The problem is really very acute in most continental countries, the more so because our readiness to *abstain* from civic activity is unshared by them. It is not astonishing that Czechs and Serbs should be conscious of the existence of Oriental sects: but it is remarkable to hear of the well-thought-out efforts of quite young student groups to understand what manner of *rapprochements* are possible or desirable. We see no trace here, as yet, of our younger generation thinking out the problem of non-Catholics and

what they can do about it, unless they have been caught up into the C.E.G. The contribution of the Austrian delegate, especially when he was talking about Germany, was sad. Catholic groups there spend most of their time in just keeping themselves going. At least certain methods have perforce been eliminated—the reliance, first and foremost, upon subsidy, and certain fears, that, above all, of offending the patron-Government. The French Federation leaves us almost aghast at the completeness of its organization. Especially admirable is its care for foreign students. Along with the "Comité Catholique des Amitiés Françaises," it arranges special groups, or evenings, or study-circles, or visits, for foreigners: it explains to them French customs or laws; it keeps in touch with them, and through them puts itself in touch both with Frenchmen elsewhere and with non-French groups. Acknowledge that practically all countries are more concerned with nationalist problems than we, who have no neighbour, are, and that even our welcome in Hungary (to be ungenerous for a moment) contained an element of fierce anxiety that Hungary should once more be "realized" in the world: yet all of that was, during the Budapest Congress, seen as shot through by the Catholic preoccupation, and the transcendent claims of the Faith were all the while taken for granted. We hope that enough has been said to show how the mind may be opened by hearing young men and women "pool" thus their ambitions, and compare their methods. In a word, we felt that while it does not readily strike our own folks that they ought to be *doing* anything, it seems never to occur to our "foreign" fellow-Catholics that they can possibly be *not* doing something. Well, we are young for our age, in this land: but I am sure that if we do not consciously prepare while at the Universities for doing something Catholic, we shall be very unlikely to start working afterwards.

The programme for 1924—1925 included, first, a hope. This was that the Holy Father might be made still more fully aware of the work of "Pax Romana." He has already expressed quite definite opinions about it—one, that it must not be kept *too* young. In obedience to this, a resolution was passed, that graduates and ex-students and older associate members should be interested in our organizations. At the other end, it was decided to seek some link with schools and colleges, that Catholic boys and girls should come up to the

Universities already aware of the local society and how to join it. This means the interesting of as many head masters and mistresses as possible. Indeed, it seems to us unthinkable that any such authority should fail to urge on older pupils as an absolute duty the joining and co-operating with the Catholic Society in that University to which they ascend, and indeed, to notify its chaplain of those who should be its immediate recruits. All the more needed is a close link with their Lordships the Bishops, and certainly a visit from its Ordinary would be most highly prized by any of our societies in England. Other resolutions concerning the Press and non-Catholic societies were taken, and it was hoped that "*Pax Romana*," or its constituent members should co-operate as vigorously as possible with other Catholic societies especially international ones. In England we are definitely in contact with the Catholic Council for International Relations and we hope that this will bear fruit, the more so as other countries are—dare we say?—imitating our English Council, and national organizations are being formed that will find no difficulty at all in interaction. Our own University Societies are still young, weak and diffident: our Federation is but half realized even here. Our conviction none the less holds good that without Societies, Federation and Confederation, our educated Catholics will do but a small percentage of the work which is their duty and their privilege.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

PRIEST AND VICTIM

THE "*Nobis quoque peccatoribus*" of the priest broke startlingly on the tense silence—a silence which was made all the more impressive by the ticking of a clock, the only other sound whatsoever, coming faint and wheezy from the back of the rude schoolroom in which early Mass was being said. This telling of the passing moments was nothing merely mechanical, but seemed to clamour for the attention of the priest at the altar. He, however, continued tranquilly, begging to be granted "Some part and fellowship with Thy holy apostles and martyrs . . . into whose company we beseech Thee to receive us . . . for ever and ever."

No responsive Amen came from the congregation. There was no congregation. Some had rushed out of the building in a panic a quarter of an hour ago, overturning school benches in their haste as they ran and pressed towards the door. The remainder he had dismissed himself, with a blessing, after the shortest and most eloquent sermon he had ever preached. He had refused to leave with them. With arms outstretched like Moses, he prayed for the safety of his flock, of which he was no hireling shepherd to flee before the wolf's coming. And the wolf was reported to be at the very outskirts of their village. Perhaps even now houses were being entered, gutted and burnt. Let them flee into the mountains, he counselled in scriptural language of terrible aptness, and he that is on the house-top, let him not come down to take anything out of his house. There was nothing archaic in the phrase to those Orientals. But as for their priest, his place was at the Altar till the saving Mysteries were ended. Perchance, he thought, at the back of his mind, by keeping the raiders a few moments in the chapel when they came he might hold back the pack long enough to allow his poor, terrified people time to put his prudent advice for them into practice.

So it happened that there was none to help him in the carefully ordered ablutions after his Communion. The clock's tick seemed suddenly to race, and to be specially directed at him, as one pleading urgently and subtly for abandonment and precipitate flight, whilst perchance there was yet time. All his senses were acutely alert. Ever a man of sensitive palate, he even noted, in spite of himself, the bite of the dry altar wine he used, both in the consecrated Cup and in the after-ablations.

Suddenly a shaft of thought came from the shadows, "Is there any difference between what was there and the wine you have just drunk?—anything which can really save you from your enemies? Save *yourself!*!" Quickly he answered, with all the fervour of his soul, "Get thee behind me! I would die for my faith in that Presence!"

As he turned to the disordered benches in the dimly lit body of the primitive little hall to give the last Blessing, he seemed for a moment to see there in the place of the living the faces and forms of dead friends and dear ones.

There was no Reservation in this outlying Mission schoolroom, only occasionally used as a chapel, and Father Ambrose had now only to hide the sacred vessels, and then he felt himself free to attend to his own safety, especially as his flock had got a good start of their enemies. But even as he went out into the night (for it was not yet dawn) a terrible clamour met his ears, like the roar of hungry and disappointed beasts. The Mongol rabble had discovered that there was no one left on whom to vent their fury, and were therefore in a frenzy of thwarted cruelty. Father Ambrose, standing still for a moment in the black shadow of the building, saw sinister figures with torches and vaguely discerned weapons, flitting hither and thither, looking for victims, and setting fire to vacated houses after plundering them. Then he darted round the school and made for the direction of the sea shore, thinking of the possibility of there being a fishing boat in which he might escape. For a few minutes he seemed to be unobserved. But then, having to emerge from a group of tamarisks and cross a moonlit space, he was espied by a group of swift youths who had run on ahead of the others for the express purpose of capturing any beached fishing craft which might have afforded a refuge to the Christian villagers whom they had hoped to surprise.

Father Ambrose was no longer young, could hardly even still be called middle-aged, but he was slim and youthful in build, perhaps also in character, though his hair was prematurely white. But he felt he could still do a sprint with the best of them provided the distance to be covered was not far. He doubled back along the tamarisk hedge parallel to the shore, for here was smoother running and occasional obscurity. It lay too in the direction opposite to that taken by his flock, so that by drawing the hunt after himself he knew he would be saving them. The young men in pursuit did not yet grasp that here was their principal enemy, but knowing him to be a fugitive,

followed him like baying hounds. He knew his already panting breath would quickly fail him in a run like this, but he reflected that whereas he was a strong swimmer, it is quite the exception for any Mongolian to enter the water. Great masses of seaweed are here cast up by the ocean, and being washed back again with the return of the tide, float on and around bits of drift-wood. His aim was to get in amongst these, submerging as long as and as much as possible, and so hope to dodge observation in the frequently clouded moonlight, so that his enemies might think him drowned, and give up the pursuit.

So he suddenly dashed across the beach. But here it was terribly heavy going, for the shore in this part was strewn with loose pebbles of considerable size, giving no firm footing. What they *did* give, he discovered, was ammunition to his nearing pursuers, who, fortunately, had no firearms. Stones came rattling and crashing all about him. Several hit him, without doing great damage. Then one caught him full on the ankle, causing him exquisite pain. On the very brink of the waves he turned and faced his pursuers, and saw that the stones had come from two of them, far in advance of the others. Gripping two large, rounded stones, nearly as big as his fist, the priest (for the moment a reversion to his early role of an Oxford athlete) hurled the great weights with force and unerring aim at the shins and kneecaps of his foremost opponents, who, unwarily, were making a rush for him. The result was howls of pain and rage, and two sprawling figures on the ground.

Without losing a second, Father Ambrose plunged into the sea, here shelving down quite steeply into deep water. The cold shock of it took away what remaining breath he had, and when he came to the surface after swimming under water for as far as he possibly could, his lungs were nearly bursting. But a merciful cloud hid the moon, and the floating weed and drift-wood served the purpose he had hoped. His glistening white hair might have given him away, but that it resembled the white crests of waves and was quickly camouflaged with a tangle of seaweed. The swimmer's aim was now to cleave his way across the waters of a little inlet while his pursuers, if they guessed or discerned his course, would have to take a much longer way round its shores to catch him before he landed at a lonely fisherman's hut on a promontory beyond.

There is no doubt that in this he was successful, and he managed to reach his goal unobserved, though he could see in what was now the pallid light of dawn both horse and footmen

Suddenly a shaft of thought came from the shadows, "Is there any difference between what was there and the wine you have just drunk?—anything which can really save you from your enemies? Save *yourself!*!" Quickly he answered, with all the fervour of his soul, "Get thee behind me! I would die for my faith in that Presence!"

As he turned to the disordered benches in the dimly lit body of the primitive little hall to give the last Blessing, he seemed for a moment to see there in the place of the living the faces and forms of dead friends and dear ones.

There was no Reservation in this outlying Mission schoolroom, only occasionally used as a chapel, and Father Ambrose had now only to hide the sacred vessels, and then he felt himself free to attend to his own safety, especially as his flock had got a good start of their enemies. But even as he went out into the night (for it was not yet dawn) a terrible clamour met his ears, like the roar of hungry and disappointed beasts. The Mongol rabble had discovered that there was no one left on whom to vent their fury, and were therefore in a frenzy of thwarted cruelty. Father Ambrose, standing still for a moment in the black shadow of the building, saw sinister figures with torches and vaguely discerned weapons, flitting hither and thither, looking for victims, and setting fire to vacated houses after plundering them. Then he darted round the school and made for the direction of the sea shore, thinking of the possibility of there being a fishing boat in which he might escape. For a few minutes he seemed to be unobserved. But then, having to emerge from a group of tamarisks and cross a moonlit space, he was espied by a group of swift youths who had run on ahead of the others for the express purpose of capturing any beached fishing craft which might have afforded a refuge to the Christian villagers whom they had hoped to surprise.

Father Ambrose was no longer young, could hardly even still be called middle-aged, but he was slim and youthful in build, perhaps also in character, though his hair was prematurely white. But he felt he could still do a sprint with the best of them provided the distance to be covered was not far. He doubled back along the tamarisk hedge parallel to the shore, for here was smoother running and occasional obscurity. It lay too in the direction opposite to that taken by his flock, so that by drawing the hunt after himself he knew he would be saving them. The young men in pursuit did not yet grasp that here was their principal enemy, but knowing him to be a fugitive,

followed him like baying hounds. He knew his already panting breath would quickly fail him in a run like this, but he reflected that whereas he was a strong swimmer, it is quite the exception for any Mongolian to enter the water. Great masses of seaweed are here cast up by the ocean, and being washed back again with the return of the tide, float on and around bits of drift-wood. His aim was to get in amongst these, submerging as long as and as much as possible, and so hope to dodge observation in the frequently clouded moonlight, so that his enemies might think him drowned, and give up the pursuit.

So he suddenly dashed across the beach. But here it was terribly heavy going, for the shore in this part was strewn with loose pebbles of considerable size, giving no firm footing. What they *did* give, he discovered, was ammunition to his nearing pursuers, who, fortunately, had no firearms. Stones came rattling and crashing all about him. Several hit him, without doing great damage. Then one caught him full on the ankle, causing him exquisite pain. On the very brink of the waves he turned and faced his pursuers, and saw that the stones had come from two of them, far in advance of the others. Gripping two large, rounded stones, nearly as big as his fist, the priest (for the moment a reversion to his early role of an Oxford athlete) hurled the great weights with force and unerring aim at the shins and kneecaps of his foremost opponents, who, unwarily, were making a rush for him. The result was howls of pain and rage, and two sprawling figures on the ground.

Without losing a second, Father Ambrose plunged into the sea, here shelving down quite steeply into deep water. The cold shock of it took away what remaining breath he had, and when he came to the surface after swimming under water for as far as he possibly could, his lungs were nearly bursting. But a merciful cloud hid the moon, and the floating weed and drift-wood served the purpose he had hoped. His glistening white hair might have given him away, but that it resembled the white crests of waves and was quickly camouflaged with a tangle of seaweed. The swimmer's aim was now to cleave his way across the waters of a little inlet while his pursuers, if they guessed or discerned his course, would have to take a much longer way round its shores to catch him before he landed at a lonely fisherman's hut on a promontory beyond.

There is no doubt that in this he was successful, and he managed to reach his goal unobserved, though he could see in what was now the pallid light of dawn both horse and footmen

moving up and down the shore line. But by the time he landed on the rocky promontory he was at the end of his forces. He fell on a heap of seaweed, and there lay, dizzy, numb with cold, and weak with exhaustion. He found, too, that his injured ankle made walking impossible.

He must have swooned for a while, for he next knew that a woman, with her arms full of drift-wood, was bending over him. They stared into one another's eyes. The priest recognized her as a lapsed Catholic, who had run off with a pagan fisherman and set religion and morals at defiance. But there was nothing for it than to appeal to her humanity, though, gazing candidly at her horse-like face and mane of coarse black hair, her big teeth, soulless eyes, wide nostrils and bestial mouth, he felt he was following a counsel of despair. She smiled enigmatically, and helped him to her hut. There she bade him warm himself by a fire while she heated some goat's milk, explaining as she did so that her "husband" was out fishing.

The warmth and the drink revived the fugitive somewhat, but his injured foot made it impossible for him to leave the hut. The woman made up a couch of otter skins for him, none too clean, he suspected, and urged him to rest. She also pressed on him some curative treatment for his foot, having some repute locally as a herbalist and "doctor," with something of the "witch" prefix. Father Ambrose felt it best to accept her ministrations. She went out. He heard whispers, and caught a glimpse of an Ishmaelitish-looking boy. The woman returned saying she had sent her stepson for butter wherewith to anoint his wound. He was a little time gone, and came in panting, as though from running, but bringing the butter. The woman brought it to the couch and began to apply it to the wound. The priest could not help shrinking from her touch as she smiled horribly all the while she offered her ministrations.

"She brought him butter on a lordly dish," he thought, and recalled that barbaric act of treachery of a woman towards a fugitive in the history of Israel. Happy for him, he reflected, if his end were as swift and painless as that of Sisera. But had he not, on the altar steps, offered his life completely to God? Yet both pure-hearted priest and sensitive man in one shrank from the continued attentions of this gipsy-like tent-dweller with her evil repute, animal charm, and enigmatic smile. She noted his shrinking, and her Mongolian eyes narrowed still further, even though her lips still smiled.

She broke the silence by saying in smooth, ingratiating tones :

"Father, I think I can save you from your enemies. I can hide you and heal you and keep you safe till the Government protects the Christians here, when you can go in peace. Will you not do something for me?"

"What have I in my power to do for you?" he said, with a hint of sternness.

"Remove the curse you put upon me when I broke your taboo. I have had no luck ever since."

"I put on you no curse, other than that you took upon yourself by impenitence and a life of sin. If you will renounce that evil life and live as a Christian, a Christian you can be again, and with my blessing."

"And you will not remove the curse without that?"

"You cannot profane the sacraments, or a still worse curse will rest upon you," he said. "You must give up profaning one sacrament, as you are now doing—that of marriage—and the pretention to communicate with the spirits of the dead, by which I hear you make much money."

"And you offer me in exchange a little blue ribbon and that mooncalf of a husband with whom I used to live?" she asked with suppressed passion, in sneering reference to the Children of Mary and her rightful spouse.

"I offer you the grace of God in exchange for hell," he said simply.

"It is likely to be hell for some of you Christians shortly," she answered after listening intently. In the moment of tense silence which intervened, the priest too had caught the sound of an approaching crowd, and knew himself trapped and helpless. As they burst into the hut, the treacherous Delilah, who had doubtless sent the boy for them, exclaimed derisively something equivalent to "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson!"

They were a wild and terrible looking band, from the steppes of Mongolia, akin to the Hunnish hordes who wreaked their cruelties in the early Middle Age of Europe.

"Here is he who has laid a curse upon us!" shrieked the woman Judas. "Make him now curse the God he bears upon him!" And she snatched at a little silver crucifix Father Ambrose wore.

"Yes, curse Him that was nailed upon the wood, and trample upon His image, or it shall be even so with thee," commanded the leader of the band.

"Give the crucifix to me," the priest said quietly to the witch fury. She did so, and they watched in silence to see what

he would do. He raised it to his lips, and kissed the feet, then murmured a prayer for fortitude.

"He is cursing us!" they shouted. "Away with him!"

They were on him like a pack of wolves, tearing the clothes from off his back. Still he continued to pray, making an act of contrition for the only "sin" he could remember that day—his defensive stone-throwing on the beach.

"We will stop his cursing!" said one. "Gag him!"

The "gag" consisted of two wooden skewers, which they drove through both his lips. Then they dragged him outside, where a fire was burning. There has never been a saint or hero in the world whose human flesh and spirit have not shrunk from that last agony of Gethsemane, in imaginary anticipation, without which faculty their courage could have but little merit. Father Ambrose was no miraculous exception. But straightway the divine spark within him flamed up to meet and overcome the other fire. He could even jest in his inward spirit and think, "It is well that I am gagged: they can extort nothing from me now, not even an involuntary cry!"

"It was fitting that I anointed his limbs with butter," laughed the witch horribly, "for assuredly his flesh shall fry!" She dragged from against the side of the hut a hurdle made of freshly split green willow wood, similar to the death bed of many another English martyr in other times. To this the priest was both nailed and bound, and hung above the fire, swooning in the agony of death. But not before he had prayed once more that day:

"To us sinners vouchsafe to grant some part and fellowship with thy holy apostles and martyrs."

So did Father Ambrose offer holy sacrifice a second time that day.

ALEX. JOHNSTON.

"GEORGES MARASCO" AND SOME OTHERS

II.

THE case of Bertha Mrazek,¹ for a time at least, has been disposed of. If we put faith in the head-lines of the Brussels newspapers, we should be led to believe that the poor girl is out of her mind. "*Bertha-Georges Marasco est folle*" is the announcement which was made by these journals in the largest type on the 3rd of December last. But this, it seems to me, does not quite fairly summarize the verdict arrived at by the medical experts to whom the investigation was finally entrusted. Unfortunately I have not had access to the text of their report, but only to a brief quotation from it which the newspapers have printed. It seems probable, however, that this contains the gist of the matter.

From her childhood [say the doctors] the accused has presented physical and mental symptoms of hysteria. She frequently falls into secondary states which make themselves perceptible by a disintegration of personality (*par un dédoublement de personnalité*) and by mystical tendencies pathological in origin. Over people of weak mind she exercises an unhealthy influence, because they are contagiously affected by her own mental state. In our opinion, therefore, the accused is suffering from a hysterical psychosis complicated by mystical ravings and manifestations of mythomania (mania for romancing). She was in a condition of dementia at the time when the incidents occurred for which she is being prosecuted. In the interests both of mental hygiene and of public security it is necessary that the Court should dispose of her future (*sa collocation s'impose*).

La Nation Belge, from which I take this, goes on to state that Georges Marasco has been transferred from prison to an asylum at Mons, but it is curious, in view of the feeling previously displayed, to read in *La Libre Belgique* of the next day a quite sympathetic paragraph regarding the unfortunate girl. After mentioning that she had been declared to present every symptom of hysteria, the account goes on:

¹ See THE MONTH, Dec. 1924, pp. 492 sqq.

We may take this opportunity to remark that where judicial offenders have to be kept under restraint the absence of any institution intermediate between a prison and an asylum has often been regretted. Here is a woman who may claim both our interest and our pity because medical opinion affirms that she is not responsible for her actions. She is weighed down by a cruel taint of hereditary cachexia, and yet she is endowed with more than average intelligence of which she has given abundant proof. Outside her hysterical attacks it is probable that she has phases of calm and lucidity. She is an invalid, and ought to be treated as an invalid. To shut her up can have no other effect than to make her condition worse and to reduce her to hopeless insanity. It is a cruel and deplorable fate.

It may be noticed in connection with this indication of a more sympathetic attitude, that already on November 22nd a strong protest from an official quarter had been made against the assumption that Georges had been proved to have acted as a spy in the German interest. Some writer, apparently in *La Nation Belge*, had stated that "after the Armistice spies had been sentenced to death on evidence which was no stronger than that which had been produced against Georges Marasco." To this the Auditor General of the Commission, Baron van Zuylen van Nyevelt, opposed a flat contradiction. He declared that no one had seen the dossier compiled against Georges Marasco, except himself and a few subordinates whose discretion could be relied on, and he also made it known that for five months (from November 25th, 1918, to May 2nd, 1919) they had endeavoured without success to find incriminating evidence which would justify a formal arraignment. Nothing more could be said than that she was under grave suspicion. The dossier was a very voluminous one but it did not contain anything which warranted her arrest and detention.

I am reproducing in the present article three photographs of Georges Marasco's stigmata. They were sent me more than eighteen months ago by the lady who herself had taken them during Holy Week, 1923. Since one at least of the three has been reproduced in the Belgian newspapers, it seems to me that I am no longer bound by my correspondent's request to make no public use of them "until further developments." As to her absolute good faith there cannot, as I





Une des photos photographiées de Berthe
en toilette féminine

V



Un portrait que Marasco, peintre, donna
à Nille J., prisonnière à St-Gilles.
Au dos de la photographie, on lit cette dédicace :
"Songeoir, affectueux de vous, dévoué serviteur
George Marasco, artiste-peintre, littérateur."

IV

have previously stated, be a shadow of doubt for anyone who knows her or her family. Writing at the time, she told me: "I am not an expert in photography, and so have not obtained a very good result, especially in the photo which shows the stigmata in the hands. They showed much more in reality than appears in the print." She added that seven punctures from the thorns in the forehead were quite perceptible to anyone who saw the sufferer in daylight and that there were others all round the head although it was difficult to distinguish these last on account of the hair. She also observed: "as you see from the other photo the stigmata hardly show on the back of the hands. Inside they are *very* distinctly marked, and a curious thing is that they show much more against the light, than with the light full upon them as it is in the photo." With regard to the two other prints she wrote:

The wounds in the feet show clearly and you will also see the dreadful bruises in the legs. They came suddenly and were almost red at first, and vanished only after Easter day. The side, as you perceive, is very visible, I have seen it several times in different aspects. It was bleeding on Good Friday, but only just for a little while, during the acute time of her crucifixion. I saw it immediately afterwards and also the quite fresh stains of blood on her linen. I had seen it several times before Good Friday (it had been opened on Friday, the 16th, at Holy Mass during the consecration) and I saw it on the 19th covered with a scab which seemed to be formed of a sort of serum rather than deep red blood. Then it healed gradually until it was only a very red mark. Afterwards it opened once more in Holy Week, and bled, as I told you, on Good Friday. Many people whom I know (about ten or more) have seen the wound in different stages. To have to show the wound in the side is one of the trials which Georges finds very painful. You may notice this in the expression of her face.

This letter was written on April 16th, 1923, just a fortnight after Easter. In other letters and in conversation, the same correspondent has insisted much upon the deep impression which Georges produced upon those who came in contact with her, always a strongly religious influence. She declared that many people who came to her in anguish of

body or soul went away relieved because she took their infirmities upon herself and made expiation for them, remaining bedridden and to all appearance a great sufferer. One gathers something of the impression she has produced upon her many devoted clients by such a description as the following:

A great characteristic of Georges is her wonderful simplicity, her obedience to her spiritual Father and her always unalterable joy in spite of her great sufferings. She endures the crucifixion every Friday and has the most terrible expiations to undergo for sinners. Many wonderful cures have been obtained by her, and there have been many remarkable conversions through her means since she herself was cured in 1921 at Notre Dame de Hal.

This was the impression produced by Georges during these last three years upon a lady who was neither foolish, nor ill-educated, nor extremely young, nor—up to that time—exceptionally pious; while her social position, moreover, was such that she had nothing conceivably to gain, but rather much to lose, by devoting herself to such a cause. What is more, my correspondent was only one of a group of intimates of both sexes equally sincere and not less firmly persuaded of Georges Marasco's heaven-inspired mission. As for the director of the visionary, he was, as previously stated, a well-known French priest, believed to be exceptionally experienced in the higher paths of that mystical life.

Nevertheless there can be no possible question that the doctors are right and that Georges is a hysterical subject in whom there is probably found a doubling of personality, analogous to that outlined in R. L. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, complicated by a more or less unconscious mania for romancing. The ascertained facts of her history, as to many of which she could no doubt furnish tangible proof, were so extraordinary, that to the pious Catholic her visions of Christ our Lord and the Saints and her conflicts with Grappin seemed the quite natural complement of such a strange existence. Though large sums were given her there is not a scrap of evidence and no probability that she wasted them in any sort of luxurious living. My correspondent asserted that the greater part of these last years was spent lying in bed as an invalid—a victim of expiation for the sins of others—and that to all appearance she often suffered intensely. The emaciated condition apparent in the photo-

graphs lends some countenance to the statement that from the beginning of Lent to the end she took no food. Even if she satisfied her hunger by stealth, she probably ate extremely little. There were, no doubt, intervals during these last years when she went about the city, dressed it seems for the most part in male costume, and looking, if one may accept the evidence of the photographs reproduced in the Belgian papers, something like a boy scout. There are also other photographs taken of her standing beside the altar of the little chapel in her house, in which she appears to be officiating as a sort of priestess.¹ But I know of no reliable evidence that she aimed at establishing any sort of new cult subversive of Catholic worship. On the contrary she gave out that her mission would ultimately have to be confided to the Holy Father and that she must before long proceed to Rome to carry this purpose into effect. As nearly always happens in similar cases, her visions and communications from on high were incredibly voluminous and the little circle around her were almost worn out by the amount of writing they had to do in taking them down. Finally let me say that the newspapers report even more extravagant things of Bertha Mrazek than any I have related here. Her disciples, it is said, affirm that sometimes in ecstasy she has been raised in the air, that she has been thrown downstairs by "Grappin" and that she possesses an extraordinary knowledge of distant and future events. On the other hand a woman who knew her well during the war sent to the papers a photograph (it is rudely reproduced here as No. 4) given her by Bertha, and stated that Bertha besides being a *dompteuse de lions*, a circus-rider, a poet, a singer, and an artist who did lightening sketches in public, was also a *femme-serpent*. "I have seen her," she wrote, "curl herself up in such a way that she would have fitted into a bandbox" (*qu'elle aurait pu se mettre dans un carton à chapeau*). Anyhow it is certainly clear that the champions of Georges Marasco, if she still have any such, will have a very serious task before them if they are to vindicate the saintliness of this unmarried mother, who has been forbidden the sacraments by ecclesiastical authority. The lesson of all which seems to be that mystical phenomena, visions and copious revelations, no matter how edifying their content, need

¹ Unfortunately I have no copies of these photographs, and the newspaper pictures are so ill printed that they are practically irreproducible.

to be scrutinized very, very carefully before they can be accepted as the seal set by God upon holiness of life.

The bizarre and secular character of many of the aberrations which appear in the case of Georges Marasco was a security against any very wide-spread or permanent acceptance of her claims to be regarded as the "Apostle of Christ." But hysteria, even of a very pronounced type, does not always by any means manifest the same range of extravagance. It is almost more dangerous when it develops consistently and uniformly along religious lines; for in this case it is extremely difficult to decide how much of that which purports to be of divine origin may be due to mental disorder and how much is really prompted and suggested by the Holy Spirit. The problem is so complex and the need of a wide experience in morbid psychology so great that it is impossible not to deplore the light-hearted way in which a certain suspicious type of mysticism is often presented to the world as the manifestation of exalted sanctity. Some little time ago I discussed here the case of Anna Maria Castreca (*la Madre Costante Maria*), an Italian nun of the eighteenth century. I propose now to say a few words upon a recently published memoir entitled *Teresa Higginson, the Servant of God*,¹ which appears with the *Imprimatur* of the Abbot General of Subiaco and another Benedictine monk of the same venerable abbey, with the *nihil obstat* of Father G. H. Joyce, S.J., and with the further *Imprimatur* of the Vicar General of Westminster. Although the author, Dom A. M. O'Sullivan, O.S.B., duly protests that the terms "saint, revelation, miracle, and such like, are only used in the ordinary colloquial sense" and without prejudice to the decree of Urban VIII., it is made abundantly manifest that the subject of the biography is presented as a person of heroic sanctity, that her revelations are treated as documents of great spiritual importance and that the strange phenomena she describes are accepted unhesitatingly as of supernatural origin. As these alleged charismata are likely more than anything else to rivet the attention of the reader, it may be convenient to make a summary list of the principal phenomena to which he is asked to give credence.

- 1) "Teresa was seen by many to have been marked by our Saviour's stigmata" (p. 15). These first appeared

¹ *Teresa Higginson, the Servant of God, School Teacher* (1845—1905), London and Edinburgh, Sands and Co., 1924.

at Wigan in 1874, when she was 29 years old. Though the wounds were not permanent, they recurred occasionally and now and again they bled (pp. 96, 137, etc.).

2) In the same year, 1874, Our Saviour gave her an espousal ring. "When I was making a visit to the most Blessed Sacrament, our Lord placed a small crown of thorns, joined by a cross of unspeakable beauty as a ring upon the finger next to the little finger on my left hand" (pp. 96, 129).

3) Even when a child at school, before she was 12 years old she had frequent visions of angels. "I had not seen anything [on one particular occasion], not even the angels, *which I frequently did*"¹ (p. 56).

4) She had innumerable visions throughout life of Our Saviour, Our Lady, St. Michael, etc. (pp. 37, 68, 76, 146 and *passim*).

5) Teresa received Holy Communion miraculously from our Lord's own hands, apparently on several occasions, e.g., "Jesus, my beloved Jesus, gave me Holy Communion Himself. I did not intend to communicate again at Holy Mass, but I forgot all about it and did receive Him again" (p. 146 and cf. p. 181).

6) She was privileged to partake of the Precious Blood. "He has several times lately allowed me to partake of the most Precious Blood, I mean, to draw it from His Sacred Side, and this has given me untold delight and new strength" (p. 72).

7) Bilocation. Without interrupting her daily duties in England, she found herself miraculously transported to far-distant lands (Africa, as she believed) where she laboured among savages, baptized them and left her crucifix behind for three days to console a dying chieftain named Ja-am-pu-da (pp. 81—93, espec. 85).

8) Levitation. According to her biographer Teresa "was raised in mid air" (p. 122), though this apparently is known only by her own testimony (pp. 127, 144).

9) As she informed her director, apparently on January 2nd, 1881, "I have on several occasions taken the most Holy Sacrament to the dying [this was in the course of her bilocations] twice to nuns and once to a poor priest who communicated himself, and twice to young people. I

¹ When Teresa was a school-girl at Nottingham she made this answer to the Rev. Mother, who died in 1857. Teresa was born in 1845.

have taken the ciborium from churches where the sacred particles were consecrated by sacrilegious hands (I think in Germany) and taken it where I have been instructed. I do not know how the others received, I mean by whose hands, but in each case I stayed with them till they died, and I have always been careful about replacing the Sacred Vessel" (pp. 91-92).

10) According to a statement made to her director in 1880, Teresa lived almost without sleep. Sleepiness had at first been a great hindrance to her but "our Lord helped me to overcome it little by little and now I seldom sleep at all" (pp. 34, 95).

So far I have quoted only from the printed Memoir which has been issued with the sanction of ecclesiastical authority; but there are also other statements made concerning Teresa Higginson, and the first I borrow from a document which was undoubtedly written by her, for it is alluded to in Dom O'Sullivan's Memoir (p. 122), but for some inexplicable reason this letter has not been included in the volume. Can it be that the editor thought it a trifle too strong? Unfortunately some preliminary explanation is necessary before the passage can be seen in its proper setting. Teresa Higginson believed herself to be specially commissioned by our Lord to make known what we must call a new devotion, the complement and crown, as she averred, of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, viz., "a devotion to our Blessed Lord's Sacred Head as the Seat of the Divine Wisdom." A large part of Dom O'Sullivan's little volume is taken up with the letters written by Teresa to her directors recounting what had been revealed to her regarding this new way of honouring our Lord. In the course of these revelations a soul had been shown to her, the soul of a wonderful saint "that in His Infinite Wisdom He has ordained to make known His Holy Will" (regarding the devotion to the Sacred Head). "He shows me this soul as His consoler and refuge, the lily in which He delights, and the will of this holy one blending so completely to His that they seem as one." In the same letter, written in 1880, a few lines further down, she says, "This jewel of Thy house is a wonder to the angels and Thou Thyself hast shown me that she (this soul) is one of the centrepieces of the Sacred Heart. I know not whether this soul is a priest, or even a male or a female Saint." But still

a short way further on in the same letter she writes, evidently assuming that the Saint in question was a woman:

This last week after our Beloved Lord has shown me the greatness of His gifts to this Saint, He has made me feel what black ingratitude it would be if she refused to fulfil His designs. I understand that of course it will be a great humiliation for her to undertake the great work which I think He intends, and I pray for and compassionate her exceedingly (p. 126).

Now I have not the slightest thought of suggesting that Teresa Higginson was insincere when she declared that she had no idea who this soul, who was to propagate the devotion to the Sacred Head, could possibly be. She was, no doubt, very humble and believed herself unworthy of any great mission. At any rate one fragment of her consciousness averred this very strongly. But it is characteristic of these hysterical cases that a kind of "dissociation" occurs, a doubling of personality in which one state of consciousness is able to look upon another state of consciousness objectively as if they were entirely separate entities and not fragments of the same whole. As time went on the thought of this saintly apostle loomed larger and larger in Teresa's revelations, *i.e.*, in her self-communings. There is a long letter of 1883 (pp. 161—169) which develops into a kind of rhapsody over this "true Child of Mary, this Spouse of Christ." For Teresa says:

I have heard Him . . . show her to Mary and tell her (Mary) that she is His Spouse, that she has risen early to meet Him, and the dewdrops are on her feet, etc.—the dewdrops of His most Precious Blood and roses encircle her brow. I think He has given to her the marks of His Precious Wounds, and she is sealed with this seal, and Wisdom is on her lips (p. 168).

Now, as we have already seen, Teresa had herself received the stigmata for the first time nearly twenty years before this, and it appears from a letter of hers that they had at least on one occasion been renewed in 1880 (p. 137). The impression which the casual reader would derive from the two letters just quoted referring to the soul so specially dear to our Lord, would be that Teresa with feminine artfulness was prompting her director to say to her: "Thou art the woman." And so, in fact, I believe it was, only that it was her subconscious

self, or a dissociated fragment of her personality, which was responsible for this challenge so thinly veiled. In the end she had to say it herself, or rather to put the explicit declaration into the mouth of our Lord. The account is furnished in the unprinted letter of October 23rd, 1887, unfortunately too long to quote entire, which is alluded to by Dom O'Sullivan when he says: "It was not made known to her that this favoured one was herself until the time of her mystic marriage" (p. 122). She then saw our Lord—

holding the Blessed Sacrament before me and I thought He had come, as He so frequently does, to feed me with His adorable Body. . . . Then He gave me Himself in Holy Communion and the Sacred Host liquified and I seemed to drink of the most Precious Blood till I was saturated through and through. . . . He withdrew the ring . . . and replaced it upon the same finger, saying: "I espouse thee in the name and presence of the Uncreated Trinity and of My Immaculate Mother and I give thee to her as a daughter and My spouse for ever." . . . Then He allowed me to see the soul I have often seen before, but now more beautiful than ever, and He told me, as I sang with the angels hymns of praise, that that was the soul of His beloved spouse, that that glory was my nuptial robe, and that He with the Father and the Holy Spirit was glorified in me, and that I should dwell with them and His beloved Mother and St. Joseph for ever.

I do not propose to enlarge upon the other privileges of Teresa spoken of in the unprinted accounts. I will only mention the statement that "she lived for twenty years upon the Blessed Sacrament alone. . . . When she was told under obedience to take some tea she did so, but nearly died of the effects"; and finally the following story:

She (Teresa) lay in a trance for three weeks. All save the Doctor believed her dead. When she recovered, she told her confessor that she had been nursing a dying man in America. She described the house, etc., and gave the name of the street and full particulars. She found she had left her crucifix behind. The priest told her to return and get it. She fell into a trance again and recovered with the crucifix in her hand. The confessor communicated with the priest of the American parish in question

and found all she said was correct. The American description of the "mysterious lady" who nursed the dying man exactly fitted Teresa. To make certain, her photo was sent, and it was found to have been she. In addition the American said that the stranger had left a crucifix behind her, but that it had since disappeared.

Dom O'Sullivan, let me hasten to say, makes no allusion to this story. It is much to be feared that the authentications just spoken of must have perished, for they would have supplied a much needed confirmation of the many marvels which now, so far as the printed Memoir is concerned, rest absolutely and entirely upon Teresa's own word. And in the absence of any pretence of such extrinsic proofs I must confess that, without pretending for a moment to class Teresa Higginson with Georges Marasco, I am strongly inclined to believe that they both, though in different ways, were victims of the same malady. Most wonderful stories are told by Teresa of her childhood. She relates, under obedience to her director, how she thrust red-hot cinders into the bosom of her dress (pp. 31—32 and 57), how she burnt and scalded herself "as if by accident," how she "put her finger ends in between the door when it was about to be shut," and tried to get her feet trodden on (p. 30). Of course it is possible that there may have been local anaesthetics which made these things relatively easy, but there are also other explanations. Besides the indications of constant ill-health in her early life, one curious fact stands out, and that is that she, this strangely pious child, did not receive the Sacrament of Penance until she was *ten or eleven* years old (see the data furnished by her manifestation, pp. 50, 53, 54, 55), though she speaks of her sister who made her first confession when she was seven (p. 49).¹ Seeing the extreme piety of the family, this certainly points to something abnormal about the child whether in temperament or in health. One or two other points which I confess impress me unfavourably are connected with the devotion to the Sacred Head. She prophesies that in the immediate future it is to work wonderful effects. The "time is not far distant" when "poor dear England will bow her understanding to the obedience of Faith" and the devotion to the Sacred Head will be "the

¹ Teresa made her first Communion at the age of 12 "having several times been put back on account of age."

great means of her conversion" (p. 145, cf. pp. 140 and 173). This was written 44 years ago, but neither has the devotion spread nor has England been converted. Secondly the threats pronounced against those who oppose this devotion are unpleasantly reminiscent of similar maledictions in certain forms of the "snowball" prayer.

Those who shall try by word or means to hinder or neglect it (devotion to the Sacred Head) shall be as glass that is cast down or as an egg that is thrown to the wall, that is, they shall be shattered and become as nought and shall be dried and wither as grass on the house-top. Our Beloved Spouse also let me know that it was in this church (St. Alexander's, Bootle, where she then lived) that He would manifest to the world the manner, etc., in which He wished to be honoured, and the time and everything concerning this most wonderful and excellent devotion (p. 124, cf. pp. 104, 170, where these maledictions recur).

To anyone who reads attentively it is quite clear that in Teresa's idea the Sacred Heart devotion was incomplete and subsidiary beside that to the Sacred Head of which *she* was the chosen apostle. The promises, so she declared, made to those who practise the former "shall be multiplied a hundred-fold" to those who adopt the latter (p. 166). In spite of Teresa's mortified life and protestations of unworthiness there is a latent element of self-absorption which seems to me to point more in the direction of hysteria than of true sanctity, and I venture to think it regrettable that a Memoir so crowded with entirely unverified marvels should have been presented to the Catholic public, without a word of caution, as a trustworthy record of heroic virtue.

HERBERT THURSTON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES AS A SYMPHONY.

THE spiritual level of an age is measured by its attitude towards life and death. If decadent, it is not in the warring of nations that we catch the note of despair—for the world of a time went a-crusading for truth; nor in the sorrowing of the poets—for our Irish bards have sung in undying rhythm the griefs of the rose; but only in the symphony of life and death which every epoch composes for itself. The purpose of this note is not to "listen in" to the whisperings of our own era, but to present, under the guise of such a symphony, one of the great answers to the problem of being.

The general outline of the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius is fairly well known. They are divided into four periods. In the first the fundamental truths are treated: man studies the fact of creation, his glorious destiny, his rational duty, his possible doom. The second period opens with the key-position of the whole—the appearance of Christ the King inviting us to His following. This and the succeeding period deal with the life of Christ: the second with His hidden life, His career and His character; the third, with the story of His dying, the tragedy and the triumph of His love. They include some famous meditations: notably, one on the "Two Standards"—detailing the struggle to which the King invites us; one on the Three Classes of Men in their several categories of service; one on the Three Degrees of Humility, the growth in self-expression of the perfect soldier of Christ. The fourth period opens with a contemplation on joy, on the triumph of the Resurrection, token of Christ's divinity and earnest of our victory in His service. Love follows on joy, and the final exercise is the "contemplation to obtain love," the only answer possible to the appeal of the King in His life and in His dying, the one disposition inspired by the mystery of creation and redemption. Thus, the Spiritual Exercises are brought to an end with the total donation of self to Him Who is at once Creator, Redeemer, Friend.

The unity of the "Exercises" is so intimate, their psychology so profound, that no apology is needed for any variety of their presentation. They speak for themselves through any medium, if they speak at all. Here we shall venture to allow the themes of life and death to play around that unity. As in every sym-

phony, we begin with a statement of the two themes, their tone and their function. And first of all, the act of life. None of the ancient philosophers had thought of creation as an explanation of existence. Yet in unforgettable strains our symphony opens with the statement that the mystery of man is, that he was created; that the act of life, moreover, with which he is informed has as its destiny to withdraw him from himself in order to live in and for his Creator; that the rest of creation is but the fuel which the act of life consumes. It is the tragedy and the triumph of this master symphony that the second theme seems introduced by some vagary of genius, and ends, indeed, on a note of doubt. Life falters for a moment and death is born. Death hovers with uncertain flight until, with the opening of the second period, the Great Composer achieves His greatest triumph with the noblest chord ever to fall on mortal ear, when He succeeds in harmonizing death and life in the music of "Behold I come."

The opening of the second period resolves the doubt of the first; it resumes all that follows. None the less, it retains its character of solution. It changes the current of life by orientating the purpose of life. We had thought man's destiny to be the service of God by the use of creatures. A new pattern threads the woof of our dreams: a gleam of new purpose heralds the dawn of a new day: the theme of life throbs with the touch of the divine. The end of creation will be the worship of God by His Son; man will be absorbed in Christ; death swallowed up in victory. Henceforth, man has no meaning apart from Christ, no life but in Christ. This is the significance of the gorgeous opening of the second period, the regal march which the theme of life assumes; for it is the panorama of Life Itself which opens out before us, of which death is but a moment. This period deals, then, with the Incarnation, the Coming of Life and the Adoption of Man: it has the Wagnerian touch, so intense is it in problems and prophecies. The Way and the Truth are unfolded to us; the nobility of poverty, the tremendousness of obscurity. It has all the flush of hope, all the eagerness of adventure, all the joy of romance. And through it all we hear appealing the insistent echo: "Know Christ." It is the memory that rests of every melody, it is the idea enshrined in every appeal. "Know Christ: Know Christ." For one too brief moment we hope to have attained to that knowledge when the light of the Transfiguration falls around us, and we see Christ as the divinization of life: but it is a light that blinds and Christ is as yet but a prophecy.

With the third period begins the reign of death. In the first period we have seen its origin; in the second, the dawn of a life which has no end. Now is evolved the most tragic and

the most dramatic moment in the symphony, the struggle between the act of life and the act of death, ending—as did the first period—in a moment of hesitation, in sight of the tomb, but still with the prophecy of resurrection ringing in our ears. It is the carnival of sorrow, the unfolding of love, the apotheosis of pain. A life which we know undying suffers the superposition of the act of death; a love unfathomable suffers separation from those it loves. Is love then, after all, barred by the tomb? After the Festival of Love, half-way on the road that leads from the Mystery of Life towards the shadows of the Mystery of Death, Christ halts in the silver moonlight of a vine-clad hill to deliver to His disciples His last message, and to the ages yet to be His Everlasting Gospel: "I am the vine: you are the branches." Life and death are but the strands of love. Life and death are but the roads to union. Life and death are but the handmaids of joy.

The fourth period takes up this note of triumph, as it pauses for an awful moment before the spectacle of the Resurrection, inviting us to join in the joy of Mary, the Mother of all Living, the first soul who understood that love which is stronger than death. And in the rays of Christ's glorious persistence we, too, seem to read the message of life and death. Death is but a sleep and a forgetting: life is all. As we listen to this melody of peace we recall instinctively the sixth chapter of St. Paul's letter to the Romans as containing the *motif* of the mystery. Baptism and Calvary have the same ends. There are two movements of the perfect life, united as matter and form in the product. The act of death enables man to leave self and what is not God. The act of life drives man outwardly to live in and for God. "I no longer live but Christ lives in me." The rational soul created by God for God, below herself is sensitive and vegetative, within herself rational, above herself spiritual. These three form but one life according to nature, but, if we would exercise the sublimest mode of living amidst our earthly travail, the spirit must be separated from the soul and, in the light of divine faith, rising above reason, above images and sensation, reach forward to the supernatural prize in God.

Then are we initiated into the act of love which resolves because it absorbs the mysteries of life and death. This is the sublimest moment of the symphony when, understanding all things aright, we study them all anew. As all spiritual love is a personal union and as beauty is the object, the final aim of spiritual love, it is the beauty of the world which now enshrouds us, heralding the presence of the God of Love. We contemplate the silence of the woods, the loneliness of mountains, the patience of animals, the song of birds, and what appeals most to us is their beauty. We think of the virtues of man, the

power of Grace, the pageant of the beatitudes, and what strikes us most is their beauty. We think of creation, redemption, sanctification . . . Christ; and it is Beauty Itself which speaks to us. We see a divinity which reveals itself; life takes on new purpose. "I am the vine; you are the branches." We realize now why love is stronger than death, how our lives become significant. We realize why one of the recurring strains of the second period was: "Know Christ." For knowledge is the form of the mind. That we may put on Christ we must come to know Him. "This is Eternal Life." Christ must infuse His life into us, and this He does in His sacraments. We must unite ourselves to Christ, and this we accomplish by the application of our mental faculties, our imagination and the affections of the will. Then are we at one with Christ, then do we live in Christ.

Therein lies the unravelling of the tangled skein of existence so that the strands of life and death be woven into the pattern of eternity. From the heights of the Resurrection we cast one last look on the travail of death, ere seeking the oneness of love and union; love where death and life unite; where one dies that one may live and where life *is* death, because one lives in and for the Beloved.

T. I. MULCAHY.

OMNIUM ECCLESIARUM MATER ET CAPUT.

OUR title is that which belongs to the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome, the Cathedral Church of the Pope, in time the first of the long series of Christian Cathedrals, in dignity the first among all the churches of the Eternal City and the world,—*Sacrosancta Lateranensis Ecclesia Omnia Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*. The sixteenth centenary of its first consecration in 324 A.D. occurred on the 9th of November of this year, and was celebrated at Rome throughout the whole Octave with unusual pomp and magnificence.

A résumé of the history of this Church will not be out of place. The Lateran Palace belonged originally to the Laterani, a wealthy patrician family of Rome. Situated, as the late Viscount Bryce remarked, "in the finest situation in Rome, it looked from the brow of a hill across the green ridges of the Campagna to the olive groves of Tivoli and the glistening crags and snow-capped summits of the Umbrian and Sabine Apennines." It was not to remain for long, however, in the hands of the Laterani, for Plautius Lateranus, the head of that family, becoming involved in the Pisonian conspiracy, was put to death by Nero in A.D. 67, and his palace passed into the possession of the Emperor. At the beginning of the fourth century

it was the property of Fausta, daughter of the Emperor Maximian, and wife of Constantine.

In 312 Constantine was victorious over his rival Maxentius at the celebrated battle of the Milvian Bridge. One of his first acts, in gratitude for his success, was to annul the penal laws against the Christians, and openly to profess his own faith in Christianity. This Edict of Constantine was published in 313, and its sixteenth centenary was celebrated at Rome eleven years ago. In the same year, 313, the Emperor presented the Lateran Palace to the Pope, St. Melchiades, to be used as a Papal Residence, an honour which it retained for nearly a thousand years. It was here, on October 2, 313, that the Pope presided at the first Council assembled against the Donatists. A few more years were to elapse before Constantine assembled the Roman Senate and announced that the Christians were henceforward to have complete freedom to build and open churches, and to practise their religion in public, and that their priests were to enjoy all the prerogatives that had previously been granted to the pagan ministers. He himself began the erection of a Basilica in one part of the Lateran Palace, which was consecrated on the 9th of November, 324, by Pope Sylvester in honour of our Saviour, whence it was known more generally as the Basilica Salvatoris, although the names of the "Lateran Basilica" and "Basilica of Constantine" are often found applied to it. The "Liber Pontificalis" of the seventh century still preserves a list of the rich treasures bequeathed to it by the Emperor. Indeed so rich and beautiful was its interior that it was frequently spoken of as the "Basilica Aurea."

Its history, like that of Rome herself, has been a chequered one. Barbarian invaders have pillaged and polluted it, while the cleaner forces of fire and earthquake have not spared it, but it was never left to decay: every fresh disaster resulted in a new and nobler creation. In the fifth century the damage inflicted by the Vandals was repaired by Pope Leo the Great. Four hundred years later it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake and Sergius III. (904-11) found it necessary again to restore and enlarge it, dedicating it now to St. John the Baptist. A further four centuries elapsed, and it was entirely renovated by Popes Adrian V. and Nicholas IV. The mosaics, constructed by two Franciscan friars, Fra Jacopo Turriti and Fra Jacopo da Camerino, which still adorn the nave, date from this period. A part of the mosaic, however, that represents the head of our Saviour, surrounded by angels, is reputed to belong to the original work of the time of Constantine. Tradition asserts that on the day of the consecration by Pope Sylvester there suddenly appeared in the apse of the church an image of the face of the Redeemer, which this mosaic was made to com-

memorate; the tradition is an old one, for Pope Nicholas IV. in his inscription records that he has restored the "Sacrum vultum Salvatoris" to the place "ubi primo miraculose populo Romano apparuit, quando fuit ista Ecclesia consecrata."

In 1308, after the retirement of the Pope to Avignon, a large part of the Basilica was destroyed by fire, an event which was regarded by the people as a Divine visitation because of the Pope's departure from the city. The work of reconstruction had again to be commenced, this time by Clement V., but it was not completed till the days of John XXII.

But the toll of misfortune and destruction was not yet finished. Only fifty years afterwards, in 1360, it again suffered severe damage from fire, and for four years lay a melancholy ruin. It was then restored by Urban V., and its walls decorated with the frescoes of Giotto and his fellow artists; the splendid canopy that still rises over the high altar was designed at this period by Amalfi del Cambio. Since then, the church has remained substantially the same, though there have been additions and partial restorations. The present north entrance, that opens on to the Piazza of the Lateran, was built in the time of Sixtus V., at the end of the sixteenth century; the eastern facade, that looks down the long avenue leading to the sister basilica of Santa Croce, was erected 150 years later; while some 30 years ago, the choir and tribune were enlarged by Pope Leo XIII., whose devotion to this church was so pronounced that he expressed a wish and even made arrangements to be buried there; only a few weeks ago the great Pope's remains were finally interred in the church and monument of his desire.

The ceremonies, with which the sixteenth centenary of the Basilica were celebrated, have been fully reported in the press: we may mention that they were inaugurated on Thursday, November 6th, when the treasured picture of our Lord, which is known as the "Acheiropoëton," or the picture not made by hand, was brought from the chapel "Sancta Sanctorum" for exposition in the Basilica during the octave. Tradition tells us that it was commenced by St. Luke at the request of Our Lady and the Apostles, and that, after three days of prayer, he drew the outlines of the portrait; when, however, he came to colour it, the tints were found to have been filled in by an invisible hand. The image is certainly of great antiquity, and has been held in great veneration since the beginning of the eighth century; the occasions on which it is exposed are extremely rare, and are not infrequently accompanied by miracles.

Though it cannot lay claim to the same majestic proportions as St. Peter's, or to the delicacy and richness of St. Mary Major, the Church of the Lateran is constructed nevertheless on grand lines, and has a splendour that is particularly its own. A

spectator, entering idly through its eastern portico during these days of service, would be startled by a blaze of light and colour and magnificence. He might then distinguish the piers and columns in their draperies of scarlet and gold along either side of the nave, and in the archways between them the hanging tapestries, on some of which are portrayed in vivid colours the triumphs of the Redeemer and the Church—the Epiphany, for example, the Resurrection and the Giving of the Keys—while others blazon forth words chosen for this occasion: “Non est hic aliud nisi domus Dei et porta coeli,” while on another is inscribed “Bene fundata est domus Domini, supra firmam petram.”

“Bene fundata est domus Domini”—this is a truth that cannot be gainsaid. Built when the blood of martyrs had scarcely ceased to flow on the floors of Circus and Colosseum, and when the dark chill vaults of the Catacombs were a fresh and living memory, it stands a triumphant symbol of the Catholic Church, which too is well founded, rooted and established upon the Rock of Christ, and against which the powers of Hell and the forces of this world can never prevail. Hordes of barbarians have sacked and pillaged the Eternal City; it has survived them. Kings and Emperors have come as friend or foe, to be crowned within its walls in peace, or to destroy it in the fury of war; their names and deeds are already grey in the twilight of the past, its fame and glory stand as high, nay higher, to-day than ever in preceding years. Heretics have launched their false doctrines against the True Faith of Christ; and from within the walls of this Basilica five times have the Decrees of General Councils fared forth to crush the false doctrine and restore and rehabilitate the true.

“Bene fundata est.” . . . As we leave the church by the eastern door we look for a few moments over the old Aurelian walls across the plains of the Campagna to the Latin hills. The sun has set; already the valleys are clothed in dimly-clinging mist, and the hills are purple before the approach of Night. And just for that moment nothing seems real save the far-off, everlasting hills, that speak of the love of God for man, and the great Basilica behind, that tells, albeit in lisping syllables, of the love of man for God.

J. MURRAY.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The
Holy Year and
Peace.**

Whilst the heathen still rage and the peoples devise vain things, as yet quite oblivious of what the Great War should have taught them, the Church by her proclamation of the Holy Year endeavours to recall men's minds to the ways of peace. In essence her appeal is the same as that with which her Lord and Master inaugurated His preaching—"Do penance, for the Kingdom of God is at hand." The Jubilee promulgation is an invitation to amendment of life, by reason of the special facilities offered, and, as all moral disorder is due to perverted self-love, amendment consists in a realization of the need and duty of unselfishness, of practising that charity without which salvation is impossible. So the Holy Father invites all his children to meet this year at Rome and to show by their union at his feet that the bonds of a common faith and worship are stronger far than all the forces of disruption. No more practical means of promoting peace could be devised, for the Church Catholic is God's providential remedy for that corrupt over-development of nationalism that issues in rivalry and war. Their membership of the Church, therefore, makes it incumbent on Catholics to aim at international harmony, and to be just and charitable to other races than their own. Nothing is better calculated to recall that duty than the meeting at the centre of Christendom of many members of those lately belligerent nations who assuredly had no individual cause of quarrel and who, if only they had exercised their citizenship as Catholics should, would not have had any national cause either. Imperial Rome once brought the whole world under the reign of law and made the time propitious for the birth of the Prince of Peace. The Church which has succeeded to a vaster empire may, if her children are worthy, be able to restore peace on earth to that world which God so loves. But peace is not a negation but a positive achievement, not inertia but action, and, as the Year of Jubilee suggests, it is best secured by the reconciliation of man to God as a preliminary to the union of man with man.

**Egypt
and the
League.**

Working for peace means a consistent opposition to the notion, become inveterate in the public mind through centuries of undisputed possession, that war, or the threat of war, is a normal and necessary instrument of policy in inter-State dealings. And hence the Christian pacifist must constantly subject the conduct of his Government to earnest scrutiny from that point of view. If that is the citizen's duty under any form of Government, much more so is it the case in a democracy, where the individual's responsibility is more immediate and direct.

What rival political parties do in the interests of their particular programmes, the Christian democrat must do in the interests of the moral law,—criticize, approve, condemn. The duty of obedience to and support of the civil State is always conditioned by the higher obligations of religion and conscience. That was why we ventured to deprecate in our last issue the action of the Government in excluding the League of Nations from any hand in the settlement of the Egyptian question. The stronger the British case, the greater readiness should have been shown to submit to the judgment of the world the less relevant clauses of the Ultimatum, which shocked the world both by its stringency and its wide extension. Not all the assertions of the Prime Minister, not even the visit of the Foreign Secretary at a most inconvenient time to the League Council, have prevented the prestige of the League from suffering greatly, because of the Government's action. It is freely said that the Power which professed most faith in the League has now joined France and Italy in setting it aside when its particular interests were concerned. The three most powerful European nations have now shown, each in turn, that they will not make any real sacrifice to uphold the League ideal. That is the contention of foreign critics. Corfu, the Ruhr, Egypt—the policies connected with these names, though they gravely concerned the peace of the world, were declared internal and exempt from League supervision. Now, we do not question the legality of the Ultimatum, although the Foreign Secretary himself implied that its hurried phraseology was not happy, nor indeed the need of prompt action. The mistake goes further back and lies in the Declaration of 1922, which proclaimed Egypt to be an "independent sovereign State." That announcement struck the imagination of the world; it was recognized as a fine gesture in keeping with the new ideals; but the force of the qualifications which accompanied it was not generally recognized. The independence was, in fact, illusory. Egypt was allowed to have no independent foreign policy, was forbidden to join the League of Nations, had no jurisdiction over foreign interests in her midst, had no voice in the disposal of the Soudan, which had been reconquered largely by her troops and at her expense and through which ran the main artery of her life, the Nile. Egypt, in other words, was given a new title in 1922, but was still in effect a British Protectorate. It would have been less misleading to leave the old name until the new status was a reality.

**The Control
of
the Nile.**

On the British side it should be remembered that Egypt might still be a Turkish dependency, if that despotism had not been overthrown by British arms, and that the comparatively prosperous condition of the country is due to British

government and enterprise, not of course to British disadvantage. Still the principle of nationality has survived for many centuries amongst that ancient Nile people whose high civilization, long before the dawn of Christianity, still excites our wonder. And if the safety of the Suez Canal is of imperial necessity to the Commonwealth, so to the Egyptian the custody of the Nile is equally essential for national prosperity. Egypt can never be independent whilst the sources and three-fourths of the length of the "River of Life" are wholly beyond her control. The condominium should be maintained in some effectual way, as an earnest of British desire ultimately to leave Egypt free. How little the principle of nationality is understood, even by responsible politicians, is shown by a recent expression of the Attorney General's, who said on December 2nd that "in 1922 the Coalition Government *gave* Egypt independence." A loose phrase, but typical of a certain wrong outlook. Independence is an intrinsic constituent of true nationality: it can be recognized and admitted but not conceded: it is a right, nationhood being supposed, not a gift.

**The Irish Treaty
and
the League.** A similar ambiguity clouds a situation nearer home, which has arisen from the action of the Irish Free State in sending for registration

with the League Secretariat the 1921 Treaty with Great Britain, under the terms of Article 18 of the League, which runs: "Every treaty or international engagement, entered into hereafter by any member of the League, shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat." This was done, and the Treaty was actually registered on July 11th of last year. Apparently the Labour Government acquiesced in the fact, but on November 27th the new Foreign Secretary, answering the Secretary-General's communication of July 11th, denied that the Covenant of the League was intended to govern the relations *inter se* of the various parts of the British Commonwealth. The matter will presumably be referred to the International Court for settlement, for it raises questions of far-reaching importance. The Saorstat Eireann is described in the first Article of its Constitution as "a co-equal member of the Community of Nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations," and, in virtue of its separate nationhood, it was admitted into the League, as were the four Dominions on the same grounds. If these "co-equal nations" are to be considered still so closely united with Great Britain that all their mutual relations are "domestic," then the representation of the Commonwealth in the League by six votes instead of one may be disputed. On the other hand, Canada refused to be bound by the terms of the Lausanne Treaty because they had not received her separate approval, and, again,

the Free State has a direct representative with the United States independent of the Washington Embassy. The situation is anomalous, because the status of the constituent members of the Commonwealth is still evolving. Any even apparent diminution of status in any one of them would jeopardize its right to belong to the League, which recognizes only one category in its constituent States, viz., those which are independent and self-governing. It may be noted that Professor Berriedale Keith, a high authority on the status of the Dominions, holds that disputes between different members of the Commonwealth can be brought to the cognizance of the League.

The Anglo-German Commercial Treaty. Slowly but surely the logic of facts is triumphing over passion and sentiment in the reconstruction of Europe. First, the London Agreement with Germany on grounds purely economic; and now, the elaborate Commercial Treaty between England and Germany, signed on December 2nd, which contains no trace of the war-mentality, but is a friendly business agreement between two great nations, anxious to benefit by mutual intercourse. This is a significant comment on the influence of the Jingo press which, led by the *Daily Mail*, has been poisoning the international atmosphere for years, and doing its vile best to perpetuate international enmities. The German "Hymn of Hate" was a ludicrous and painful exhibition of war-passion, but how are we to characterize the constant incitement to anger, fear and suspicion which has poured for six peace-years from the Rothermere papers? The "German menace," with which they have tried to scare us into a prolongation of the war, is best met by showing that each country will, in the long run at least, profit by the prosperity of the other, not by the futile Versailles method which injures both. Commercial France has seen this long ago, in spite of her politicians, and she is also busy negotiating trade agreements with her late enemy. The fact that the clauses in the Peace Treaty, which forbade Germany to discriminate against her former enemies, expire this month has no doubt hastened these measures of agreement, but we would fain hope that they mark as well the disappearance of that artificial enmity between the citizens of each State that was bred of misunderstanding and war-propaganda. So many generous aspirations and lofty ideals perished during the war and in the long disillusionment of the peace that it is a relief to record the disappearance also of some of its baser products. How many rash oaths were sworn to have no more intercourse with Germans, to boycott German art, music and literature, never to buy German goods, to carry on the war for ever in the economic sphere! Few recall them now, a welcome if tardy recognition that the

world is economically one, and that to try to keep a rival, who is also a customer, poor is suicidal folly.

**One-Sided
Disarmament.**

January also marks the date when according to the conditional calendar arranged at Versailles the evacuation of Cologne should take place. But the conditions have not yet been entirely observed. Reparations have been removed from this sphere by the Dawes Agreement, but disarmament remains. It is useless to deny that the Nationalists in Germany mean to evade disarmament if possible: they will not disarm morally—and the Allies have given them little encouragement to do so—and they so obstruct investigation into the material disarmament that the Commission's report is not yet ready. We have always been sceptical about the feasibility of keeping Germany disarmed. It has never been successful in history, and the amount of surveillance and inspection necessary is more than any nation could stand for long. Disarmament must be all round, and must begin by a drastic international control of the manufacture and export of armaments. Nothing that the late Labour Government did was more foreign to their professed ideals and more cynically regardless of the interests of humanity than their sale last Easter of a consignment of machine-guns to Soviet Russia. The ex-Premier actually complained at Geneva about the illicit private trading in arms all over the world, whilst his own Government sanctioned this private deal with Russia, a far greater crime against civilization than the arming of Turks or Chinese. Nothing shows up the real lack of the will to prevent war in the Great Powers than their absolute inertia in face of this evil. How can the world ever reach peace when millions of pounds are invested in armament firms, and the livelihood of countless investors depends on their goods being sold *and consumed*? A small beginning has been made. The little State of Denmark has passed its Disarmament Bill which abolishes conscription and substitutes for its Army and Navy a small force of frontier guards and patrol vessels. The project has gone without much notice in our papers, though of such significance; however, it has roused some emulation in Sweden, although the other Baltic States, having little confidence in the League and much fear of Russia, show no tendency to follow its excellent example. Public opinion still needs instructing on the futility of war: there are enough false instructors. The military mind was well expressed the other day by Field-Marshal Sir W. Robinson, who, urging the old fallacy of security through war-like preparedness, said:

When trouble comes we have to say that we shall settle it as we like without reference to the League of Nations, and every country will say the same when its vital interests

are at stake. . . . We shall be well advised to denounce the fatal inducements to apathy which discussions on disarmaments inevitably engender.

It is a wise instinct that closes the door of the Government to the professional soldier.

The Inevitable Waste of War.

The civilian may well reflect how much worse off he is than he was before the war which freed him from Prussian militarism, for the more he realizes that war is only the less of two evils and that the greater can be averted without war, the more speedily will he shake off the apathy which acquiesces in competitive armaments. Taxes here are five times as heavy now as they were in 1914: instead of paying £3 11s. per head, we pay £17 9s. In France the proportion is only trebled (£9 12s. as against £3 7s.), but France is not paying her external debts, the interest of which is steadily mounting up. The United States pay £6 14s. 10d. instead of £1 7s. 11d. per head (Federal taxes only); there the increase is much the same as in the United Kingdom. But every country, victors and vanquished, shows a similar great advance in the cost of government—the victors generally more than the vanquished. We have freed our late foe from the burden of conscription and colossal armies, and thus enabled her to put nearly the whole of her manhood into production. This has enabled her to pay to the Allies, apart from supporting the armies on occupied territories, the enormous sum, in cash and kind, of £1,341,694,500 up to the end of 1923. And because we have shouldered our obligations, whereas our debtors have not, we, victors in the Great War, shall be in the position of paying what is in effect a huge annual tribute to America long after Germany is freed from her liabilities! Not that the States are very much better off than we on that account: apparently the millions that that Government lent us at 3 % were raised from its own citizens at 4½ %, and there, just as here, the cry is all for economy. Debt-remission in the circumstances would be quite impracticable, so much so that the States have begun to do what we have not yet dared to do, viz., to suggest that continental debtors should begin at least to pay. We lent roughly 2,000 million pounds to finance our Allies, half from home resources, half borrowed from America. Of that amount 723 million went to Russia and there is no likelihood of any of it coming back. We are patiently awaiting, to the detriment both of our social and commercial life, the interest on the rest.

So for all parties war has proved a bad business,—a truth which is not invalidated by the probability that we should be worse off if we hadn't won. War between States must be outlawed even in the material interests of humanity, as it has been between citizens.

**Resistance to
Persecution
in France.**

M. Herriot seems likely to experience the fate of Mr. MacDonald and perish at the hands of his own extremists. Against what we may suppose his own better judgment he promised on entering office to enforce the anti-clerical laws, to bring Alsace-Lorraine into legal line with the other departments where "laicity" reigns, and to suppress the Embassy to the Vatican, three measures directly contrary to French unity, French social peace and French interests abroad. His task-masters insist on his keeping to his bond, so that, whilst lately suppressing the anti-social projects of the Communists he felt compelled to arraign Catholic Frenchmen as equally enemies of their country. The Freemasons or Freethinkers who dictate to him insist on every item of their creed of naturalism, the "philosophical" education of children, the suppression of all convents and religious orders, the exclusion of all clergy from public functions, and the restoration "to the nation" of all churches. One hears occasionally pessimistic accounts of the decay of Catholicism in France. One American observer¹ has recently estimated the number of practising Catholics there at about five million. The tolerance with which this impudent lay programme is received by French citizens lends some credence to this sombre view. Two million Catholics in this Protestant land have time and again made their faith respected when the spirit of secularism attacked their schools. We cannot help thinking that there is something to seek in the faith of a nation which ever since the days of Jules Ferry has submitted passively to the monstrous imposition of atheism on their schools. Or if not in their faith, at least in their union and organization. Happily this apathy seems to be passing away. M. Herriot has made the worm turn. His Eminence Cardinal Charost at Lille on November 20th denounced the "fetish of legality" which so long has paralysed Catholic action. "Yes," he cried, "we must submit to the laws, but on one condition: that the laws are just." Until then, he implies, we shall resist every attempt to violate our rights, whether of worship, education or organization. That is the note of General de Castelnau's "Fédération Nationale Catholique" which is spreading triumphantly throughout France. It is not merely the Faith but social order and prosperity that is at stake. The one force which can effectually resist red Communism, the explosion of which on the occasion of Jaurés' funeral so alarmed the Government, is the Catholic religion: hence the insensate folly of the rulers who are busy undermining the dams and naively wondering at the flood which threatens.

¹ *Homiletic Review*, December, 1924, p. 233.

**British
Socialists
whitewash
Russia.**

The conduct of the delegation of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress in Russia makes the question an actual one in this country also. Happily there is no body

amongst us like the "Ligue française de l'Enseignement," the free-thinking group of teachers which is bent on the destruction of Catholicity. But socialism in economics and secularism in education tend in the same direction, and both tendencies are now much to the fore. The Trade Union delegates have issued a colourless interim report, the gist of which is that conditions have improved in Russia,—a futile criticism as made in reference to some previous undescribed state of things. One statement, No. 8 of the Report, is demonstrably false: it runs—"Religious institutions have complete freedom to exercise their religious beliefs." Other observers have been more observant and less subservient to Soviet guides. The latest issue of *Orientalia Christiana* (September—November, 1924) comprises Père d'Herbigny's exhaustive study, *L'Ame Religieuse des Russes d'après leurs plus récentes publications*, which gives full and terrible details, not only of the relentless persecution to which Christianity is still subject, but of the systematic moral corruption to which the youth of Russia is exposed by theatre, cinema, and pornographic literature of every description. The Trade Union delegates naively remark (Note 8): "No religious instruction is given in schools or other educational institutions," but they are discreetly and possibly dishonestly silent as to what kind of instruction is given. In face of Père d'Herbigny's revelations taken from actual Soviet publications, the next Note (No. 9)—"Every effort is being made to improve the moral life of Russia, and prostitution, gambling and other vices are being rapidly eliminated by educational effort and drastic State regulations"—can be described only in the classic phrase as "a frigid and calculated lie." As far as the organized might of the Soviets can secure it the new generations under their charge will grow up believing in nothing but matter and force, with sensual pleasure as their highest ideal. In Russia our deluded Trade Unionists have been *en rapport* with Antichrist.

**The need
of the
Dual System.**

There are signs here that certain Nonconformists have learnt nothing of recent years about the true nature of education and are preparing to renew their old fight against denominational religious teaching.

Under the plea of economy many are trying to abolish the dual system, the only real safeguard of religious teaching that remains and the only bulwark against the State's intrusion into a domain that does not belong to it. The Anglican Church Assembly, a thoroughly unsafe

guide in these matters, has fathered a project to secure "unity of administration with variety of type." If that means that the State will with complete impartiality provide, for all religious denominations, all that concerns the material and secular side of elementary education whilst respecting the rights of parents and children and the religious bodies concerned to secure that religion is also taught, one could only regret that even so much State intervention was necessary. But if it means that, under pretence of neutrality, the State relegates religion to non-school hours or entrusts it to uncertified teachers, Catholics can only say, *non possumus*. Mr. Spender, a well-known journalist, recognizes, as all sensible people by this time should, that to the Catholic there is no such thing as "our common Christianity" and that therefore our schools can never form part of a uniform system on that basis. The whole of God's revelation must enter into education—is indeed one of its essential subjects—and therefore our teachers must necessarily be believers. If previous utterances of his had not led us to expect anything from him, however bizarre and irrational, we should have been astonished that at this date the Dean of Durham has thought fit to revive the old shibboleth—"Trust the Teachers." We don't "trust the doctors" or "trust the lawyers" when the comparatively unimportant matters of our bodies and fortunes are concerned, but the supreme interests of the soul, says this Anglican prelate, may safely be entrusted to untried and untested hands. A secular journal like *The Times* knows better, for it says that the key to the situation is precisely the training of the teachers. If our children are to be turned out worthy citizens, it can only be done by those who are themselves well-instructed, conscientious and law-abiding.

Dr. Barnes
and the
"Anglo-Catholics."

The Bishop of Birmingham continues to be the storm-centre of violent controversy, the thunder and lightnings of which help the outsider to appreciate the true inwardness of Anglicanism. Dr. Barnes has joined issue with the "Anglo-Catholics" of his diocese and has received public backing in a letter to *The Times* from a number of distinguished ecclesiastics of the Liberal Evangelical school, who are indignant at the insubordination of a "small, hostile minority" of his flock. With the Bishop "it is the Mass that matters": like the incomparable Jewel he'll have none of it. But to the "Anglo-Catholic," what he takes to be the Mass is the centre and soul of his spiritual life. He thinks (and says) that some of the Bishop's statements are "unhistorical, untheological and untrue." And, as there is no one to adjudicate between them, no higher Court, commissioned and inspired to decide authoritatively which is right, the

unedifying newspaper polemic must go on until writers or readers or editors tire. It is not to the good of Christianity that such things should be; it causes the enemy to blaspheme; but it is inevitable in a religious body which has no final authority to interpret its rule of faith. And although the "Anglo-Catholics" consider Dr. Barnes a heretic, yet they are willing to hold communion with him and to tolerate him if he will tolerate them. In fact, the last word in the controversy which we have seen (December 22nd) is an invitation by the Anglo-Catholic protagonist to the Bishop "to meet us and talk over the whole position in a friendly way." Well, between yes and no there can be no compromise, and it seems as if the "Anglo-Catholics" hope to convert their Bishop or seek for enlightenment themselves.

**The
"Mean-Souled
Man."**

Aristotle, in a famous passage quoted in our last issue, sketches the character of what he calls the "magnanimous man." That in which he describes the "mean-souled man" the self-worshipping hedonist, is not so well known. It runs as follows:

[The hedonist] lives a luxurious life, surrounded by luxury, with people who love luxury. Luxury is absolutely essential to the artist and the man in him. When he travels, he must have first-class accommodation. He must stay in first-class hotels, the best, the most expensive of them all. For he believes . . . that it is the cheapest in the end. His nervous system requires that he shall have central heating in his house, plenty of light, first-class food, the best wines, cigars and cigarettes, a comfortable bed; his eyes must rest upon beautiful things; his clothes must be made by a first-class tailor (the King's tailor is "good enough for him") and he orders the best materials they can procure. He renews his wardrobe twice a year. His gesture in casting his old clothes away is the gesture of a man who is enjoying the thought of having new clothes to replace them: the thought of being numbered among those who can give themselves the luxury of casting away clothes which are almost new, among those who can throw money away, when the fancy takes them, without troubling about their bank balance.

Aristotle, pagan though he was, did not admire the "mean-souled man," which makes it the more extraordinary that the wife of a popular novelist should seem to have copied out the above passage and sent it recently to the *Daily Express* as a description of her husband!

**Science
and
Theology.**

The ingenuity with which "Modern Churchmen" discover old difficulties against revelation, and the gravity with which they declare them insuperable, have often been remarked by those who have the privilege of belonging to a Church which is Ancient as well as Modern, and therefore possesses a Tradition. The September *Modern Churchman* prints a weighty address by a Scotch Divine, who is also an eminent astronomer, the Rev. H. Macpherson, Ph.D., wherein the lecturer opines that scientific research into the composition and extent of the universe has put all our theology out of gear, for man is no longer the centre of the universe nor the only rational being to inhabit its myriad orbs. It would therefore seem, so proceeds the argument, wholly absurd that God should concern Himself, in so direct and so personal a way as we thought, with such an infinitesimal product of evolution as is the human race on its wholly insignificant planet. The lecturer, we perceive, is confounding material with moral or spiritual greatness, which he would not have done if he had read the first conversation in Father Rickaby's "In an Indian Abbey," entitled *Megalomania*. Nor would he have been so sure of the existence of other habitable and inhabited worlds besides our own, if he had remembered Professor A. P. Wallace's great book, "Man's Place in the Universe." Wallace, who was perfectly conversant with the new cosmology, in so far as it reveals "an illimitable immensity of stellar worlds," proves to demonstration that, so far from being insignificant except in point of size, our earth is wholly unique amongst the other planetary bodies, actual or probable, through the simultaneous convergence upon it of a great number of physical conditions necessary for the support of life: which conditions do not nor can coincide anywhere else. Why God should have confined life and reason to this one tiny spot, which was further to be infinitely glorified by His own human life upon it, we cannot say. "Who hath known the mind of the Lord or who hath become His Counsellor." We have to think of God anthropomorphically, but we must correct our thinking by realizing its inadequacy. "That which we foolishly call vastness," says Ruskin,¹ "is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness."

**Mr. Steed
and
the Jesuits.**

In his recent interesting volumes, "Through Thirty Years," the late editor of *The Times*. Mr. Wickham Steed, has several things to say, up and down, about the Jesuits. The Index tells us of "Jesuit doctrine," "Jesuit policy," besides "Jesuits" *tout court* and "Austrian Jesuits and Jews," and the text con-

¹ *Modern Painters*, II.

tains much that will be new to Catholics and to members of the Society. New but not therefore true: in fact, in many instances, ludicrously false. His views of the Society are part and parcel of his views about the Church which he regards as a purely human institution, the policy of which is determined by worldly motives—desire of power, of territory, or even of money. Mr. Steed is not consciously unfair, but his *parti pris* incapacitates him from understanding Catholicity. The spirit and ethos of the Catholic Church are not to be picked up, even by an educated and influential man of the world, from his own outside observation and whatever journalistic gossip comes his way. Mr. Steed does his best to understand "Rome," and indeed commiserates us *forestieri* on our ignorance of the "inner doctrine of the Vatican," which, whatever it is, "lies very near to the inner doctrine of the Jesuits." But his best, despite his acquaintance with eminent Catholics, remains very poor. He thinks that the Church, which is the chief vindicator of man's human rights against force or moral tyranny left in the world, deprives her subjects of rights and leaves them only duties. He imagines that Jesuit devotion to their motto, *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*, which sums up the highest aim of all human endeavour, prevents them from recognizing any absolute difference between right and wrong! Such a critic need not be taken seriously. Evidently his use of the word Jesuit is that common to the Continental anti-clerical who imagines the Society to be behind every unpalatable or "obscurantist" policy of the Holy See. It will not, of course, impress him much, if a member of the Society denies its influential participation in national or international politics. It is what he will expect, just as he expects the whole policy of the Holy See to be actuated by its own narrow and selfish interests. It would be interesting to know what the Father General thought of the omniscient journalist who came to him in Switzerland during the war and endeavoured to "put him wise" on the duties of the Church towards democracy and who found him singularly unresponsive to his point of view. We may remind Mr. Steed that there are whole worlds of knowledge from which he is shut out, regarding the nature and purpose of the Catholic Church, by his lack of faith. He gives us this impression—that his own standard of judgment about others is their acceptance or rejection of his personal convictions: if they don't agree with him then something must be wrong with them, mentally or morally. We are content to let his strictures on the Church and on the Society pass without detailed refutation: his own revelations of the lack of morality in secular diplomacy during the past three decades may serve perhaps as a counterpoise.

THE EDITOR

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Naturalism, Modern Return to [Rev. C. Bruehl in *Homiletic Review*, Dec., 1924, p. 225].

Natural Rights and the State [*America*, Dec. 13, 1924, p. 207].

Reason and Human Authority in Questions of Philosophy [E. Masterson, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Sept., 1924, p. 268].

Strikes, The Morality of [Canon Villiers in *Catholic Gazette*, Dec., 1924, p. 309].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglican Disintegration in U.S.A. [*Documentation Catholique*, Dec. 6, 1924, p. 1139].

Anti-clerical French attack on Papal Nuncio and the Jesuits [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Dec. 5, 1924, p. 610].

Catholicism persecuted by Rumania [*Tablet*, Dec. 20, 1924, p. 632].

Christianity, Turkish Persecution of, in Asia Minor [R. Ginnis, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Dec., 1924, p. 531].

Dogma, The perpetuity of [G. Breton in *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclésiastique*, Nov.-Dec., 1924, p. 325].

Evolution and Scholastic Philosophy [W. Hornsby, S.J., in *America*, Dec. 6, 1924, p. 176].

Gibbon, Further exposure of, as an Historian [H. Belloc in *Studies*, Dec., 1924, p. 551].

Leakage Question, A Contribution to ("Starved Souls.") [Rev. J. P. Murphy in *Month*, Jan., 1925, p. 14].

Poison for the Mind unchecked [A. Clery in *Studies*, Dec., 1924, p. 590; *Catholic Medical Guardian*, Dec., 1924].

Skulls, Prehistoric, Foolish Writing about [Prof. Windle in *America*, Dec. 13, 1924, p. 202].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Birth-Control and Self-Control [*America*, Dec. 6, 1924, p. 184].

Catholicism in France, Why at such a low ebb [*Homiletic Review*, Dec., 1924, p. 233].

Faith-Healing in U.S.A. [J. J. Walsh in *Studies*, Dec., 1924, p. 575].

Holy Shroud, Problem of [H. Thurston in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Dec., 1924, p. 621].

Holy Year, The, and the Golden Door [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1924, p. 361 : Rev. M. Eaton in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Dec., 1924, p. 562].

Matter: Its ultimate constituents [H. V. Gill in *America*, Dec. 6, 1924, p. 179].

Paston Letters: misleading edition of [J. B. Reeves, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Dec., 1924, p. 513].

Students' International, Catholic ("Pax Romana") [C. C. Martindale, S.J., in *Month*, Jan., 1925, p. 38].

Spiritualism, Children corrupted by [C. H. Rouse in *Universe*, Dec. 19, 1924, p. 6].

REVIEWS

I—HERETICAL ERUDITION !

BUONAIUTI undertakes to supply his readers with a fairer and more reliable estimate of Gnosticism—the “Christian Science” of the second century—than is obtainable from the many extant histories, critical or uncritical, orthodox or unorthodox. He has betaken himself to all sources, both those Gnostic in character and those preserved by Anti-Gnostic Christians, chief amongst the latter the fragments entered by the learned Clement of Alexandria in his scrap-book, the “Stromateis,” a source already familiar and explored by Catholic scholars. While pointing out what was already well known, that the great Gnostic leaders flourished in the second rather than in the first or third centuries, the writer, we consider, goes out of his way to dismiss as legendary such historical names as Simon Magus, Menander, and even Satornilus. If the literature subsequently attributed by their followers to these versatile personages happens to be spurious, that is no reason for consigning the supposed authors to the limbo of the legendary. We have nothing, however, but praise for the account given of the Catholic antagonists of this pernicious heresy, which, indeed, may be found in many equally good available presentations of the same history, such as Bardenhewer’s *Patrology* or Stöckl’s *History of Philosophy*. The author must also be credited with such independence of judgment as has enabled him to classify Marcion and Apelles among Gnostics, contrary to Harnack’s explicit exclusion.

What cannot fail to give offence to Catholic scholars is the spirit underlying the whole of these pages. “The Gnostics wasted their lives in a vain attempt to reconcile Christian Revelation and Pagan culture.” In a phrase like that there is the innuendo that their task very much resembles the self-imposed defence of Christianity undertaken by Modernists and assumed to be out of the power of the orthodox. Apart from the Gnostics, the Church found no difficulty in assimilating and Christianizing whatever was of value in the Pagan cults. Again, we are told that to the Gnostics belonged the thankless task of attempting to bridge the gulf between Science and Religion, a gulf which has no real existence. And if the reader’s sympathies are thus engaged on behalf of the much-abused Gnostic, earnest and zealous

¹ *Gnostic Fragments.* By Ernesto Buonaiuti, Professor of Sacred Scripture in the Royal University of Rome. Done into English by Edith Cowell. London: Williams and Norgate. Pp. 114. Price 3s. 6d. net.

and steeped in the philosophy of his day, he may be tempted to extend the like sympathies to his modern representative. What the Gnostic Philosophy really was one may learn from the Free-thinker, Taine. This stylist bluntly informs us that to fall in with the literary effusions of Gnosticism is like "stumbling into a lunatic asylum." One would think that Professor Buonaiuti would have been more cautious than to provoke a comparison between Gnostic and Modern Thought. We protest that the latter deserves better treatment, especially from one who claims to expound it.

But the author's strong point would seem to lie in his use of the fragments, picked mostly from Clement, who apparently read through assiduously, with more than Teutonic patience, all the literary monuments of the "greatest Gnostics."

So to the fragments I go and light at random on a passage preserved by Clement from Basileides' son, Isidore, on the intriguing topic of marriage. In the translation I pass over several lesser inaccuracies and find the gist of the whole passage erroneously expounded. The vital word *ἀντέχον*, with good MS. authority, is rejected though necessitated by context. Indeed the whole extract was given by Clement—though offensive to modern pious ears—precisely "to expose the wicked lives of the Basileideans" (*eis ἔλεγχον τῶν μὴ βιώντων ὄρθως B.*)

One has not space to control the rest. This suffices for me to warn my readers that Professor Buonaiuti cannot be trusted, whether from his knowledge of the spirit or of the letter, as quite a safe guide on the subject of Gnosticism.

2—ST. CYPRIAN ON CATHOLIC UNITY¹

"THE defenders of the English Church may safely state their case so far as it relates to the Papal claims, on the witness borne by St. Cyprian," says the Rev. F. W. Puller in *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome* (p. 363), quite erroneously supposing St. Cyprian's idea of Church Unity to be the same as that of the Anglicans. Therefore, Father Vassall-Phillips has done well in putting St. Cyprian's *De Unitate* in a scholarly annotated translation into English within the reach of all our "separated brethren," so that they have before them St. Cyprian's own words, and not the misinterpretations of the Saint's treatise set out by Archbishop Benson, Bishop Gore, Mr. Puller, Mr. Denny and others. As Mr. Denny's book is supposed to be the last word on Papalism, Father Vassall-Phillips frequently points out his inaccuracies and mistakes. *Assumere primatum* (Ep. lix. 8) is rendered by Mr. Denny "assuming

¹ *On the Unity of the Catholic Church.* By St. Cyprian. Translated into English by O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. London: The Mâhresa Press. Pp. 85. Price 3s. 6d. net.

the Primacy, *i.e.*, the Episcopate [!!] for so that word must be translated here as the argument is entirely concerned with the legitimacy of Novatian." On this Father Vassall-Phillips says: "Mr. Denny may be safely challenged to produce any passage where *Primatus* means 'the Episcopate.'"

If Anglicans will only read and study the *De Unitate* they will find that St. Cyprian gives no countenance whatever to their theory by which a Church infected with heresy and schism, cut off from the Chair of Peter, can still belong to the Catholic Church. They cannot then maintain that Cyprian asserted that our Lord "granted to St. Peter no prerogatives or powers other than Apostolic" (*Papalism*, p. 276) since, when they read St. Cyprian, they will see that he wrote "Upon *One* did He build His Church, *viz.*, St. Peter." Father Vassall-Phillips takes an apt illustration from our British Constitution. "All Privy Councillors, *qua Privy Councillors*, may be granted by the Crown 'like office and power'; but this is without prejudice to the special prerogatives and headship of one of their number, *e.g.*, the Prime Minister" (p. 83). The translation is preceded by an introduction giving what is necessary to understand the treatise and followed by three appended notes on the "Interpolations" and two other passages in the *De Unitate*, used largely by Anglicans in their polemics against the Authority of the Roman Pontiff.

3—GOD AND REASON¹

THIS recent work of Father Brosnan, Professor of Natural Theology at Fordham, is a welcome contribution to a very important branch of Philosophy, Natural Theology. His long study of the subject, and his many years as a Professor, have fully qualified the author to deal with the deep and intricate problems with which Natural Theology abounds. The result of his labours is a text-book which we can heartily recommend for use in the class-room, or for private study. The beginner will see the practical value of the subject-matter of the book in the excellent outline Father Brosnan gives of the erroneous views concerning God which are so prevalent at the present day. To the demolition of these views and all the loose thinking to which they owe their origin, the writer brings a logical clarity of thought and expression, an orderliness of presentation and arrangement which is altogether refreshing in view of the vacuity and vagueness of so much modern philosophical speculation. Scholastic form in an English dress is liable to become stiff and unnatural. It is high praise for the work before us that the form in which the

¹ *God and Reason: Some Theses from Natural Theology.* By W. J. Brosnan, S.J., Ph.D. New York, Fordham University Press. Pp. 227. 1924.

arguments are couched is never allowed to dull the interest of the reader.

A commendable feature of the book is the numerous quotations from modern philosophical writers. American authors naturally predominate, and we are left in no doubt regarding the prevalent Pantheism and Agnosticism of the non-Catholic American Universities. But English philosophers are by no means overlooked; and these quotations show how real the problems of Natural Theology are, and how necessary it is for intellectual Catholics to have clear notions regarding modern thought outside the Church, and the knowledge necessary to set it right. Father Brosnan is severe but not too severe on the loose thinker and he more than justifies his strictness in the historical outline he gives of the disastrous effects of philosophical speculation divorced from Catholic principles. Kant is shown to be the father of the agnosticism and atheism of modern times. Father Brosnan is particularly effective in dealing with the many varieties of Pragmatism; and of special value is his lengthy treatment of that brand of Free Thought which disguises itself under the label of Modernism.

The arguments which the author adduces for the existence of God are those which are traditional in Catholic Philosophy. He vindicates triumphantly the "teleological argument," for which modern philosophers and evolutionists have shown such scant regard, and makes effective use of examples from the natural sciences.

God and Reason is a book for students of Natural Theology, and hence it requires careful and unhurried reading. For this very reason it would be an excellent introduction to the subject for our Catholic students at the Universities, and provide them with an antidote against all the false philosophy so rife in these seats of learning. The book would be a valuable addition to the library of Catholic Social Guild study-clubs, and would provide Catholic Evidence Guild speakers with a ready store of ammunition in their valiant attacks on the religious indifference and unbelief of the day.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

A SECOND edition of the *Tractatus de Divina Gratia* of Canon Joseph Van der Meersch (Bruges, Ch. Beyaert), first published in 1910, testifies to its merits, and it certainly ranks among the best text-books on the subject. It is principally a scholastic treatise, showing strongly the influence of Cardinal Billot, but it does not neglect the positive and historical aspects of the matter. On disputed questions both sides are expounded with admirable clearness and fairness, and the author then proposes his own

view reasonably and moderately. One does not look for novelties in such a work; but there are useful *Scholia practica* given at the end of each division of the treatise, and there is added in the present edition a very interesting appendix, with full bibliography, on Our Lady as Mediatrix of all Graces.

SCRIPTURE.

We are glad to welcome Madame Cecilia's **St. Mark** in a second edition (B.O. and W.: 5s. net). The book made its first appearance twenty years ago in two volumes, and is now issued in one at a comparatively low price. Doubtless a desire not to add to the cost prevented the authoress from embodying in their proper place the many pages devoted to "Additional Notes." An immense amount of information, helpful at once for examinations and for spiritual understanding, is conveyed in these closely-packed pages, which deal thoroughly with every aspect of the subject and which a judicious variety of type makes easily readable.

MORAL THEOLOGY.

The very fact that a work on Moral Theology has passed through seventeen editions is in itself a sufficient guarantee of its practical value to those interested in the subject. The late Father H. Noldin's Moral Theology is well known to students of Theology on account of his masterly treatment of the various sections of the subject, and needs no further commendation. Theologians, however, will welcome the first volume of the new 17th edition—**De Principiis Theologiae Moralis**, by H. Noldin, S.J. (Innsbruck: F. Rauch). Father Noldin died before he could revise his work in so far as this was necessary in the light of the new Code of Canon Law. This task has been taken in hand by Father A. Schmitt, his successor in the chair of Moral Theology in the University of Innsbruck. The general order and arrangement of the new volume is identical with the earlier editions, the only changes and additions to the text being those necessitated by the new Code of Canon Law, and the more recent decisions of the Roman Congregations. When the other volumes, now in preparation, are published, the new edition will rank with the best text-books on the subject.

APOLOGETIC.

To one who looks upon the Catholic Church as God's Messenger to the nations the great apostasy of the sixteenth century cannot but have entailed world-wide disaster. It is "four centuries of Luther" that have brought the world into its present parlous state, plunged in sin and finding no remedy, scourged by war, yet learning nothing from the visitation. In **Contemporary Godlessness: Its origins and its remedy** (Herder: 3s.) the Rev. John S. Zybura, in a few telling chapters, diagnoses the disease and prescribes the cure. Outside the Church, there is no sane exhaustive and coherent philosophy; men cannot *think* right. Outside the Church, there is no fixed and definite morality; men cannot *act* right. Outside the Church, there is no witness to God, no apprehension of redemption, no supernatural faith. What wonder the world is going to perdition. The remedy is—humility, submission, obedience: bitter draughts, yet

alone salutary. There is no likelihood of the world taking them, but—with God all things are possible.

No layman of modern times has laboured so zealously and successfully at the main task of apologetic—the vindication of truth against error, malice and prejudice—as Dr. James J. Walsh, of America. His many books defending the Church's record as not only the guardian of revelation but the source of unnumbered temporal blessings to mankind are familiar to our readers, but, if in some cases unknown, his latest, *The World's Debt to the Catholic Church* (Stratford Co., Boston), presents a compendious idea of their total effect and of the Church's debt to J. J. Walsh. Herein are condensed the results of wide and deep research into all forms of higher human activity—art, literature, science, philosophy, morality, education, economics—and a clear, well-documented account of the Church's achievements in all these departments. The volume should become a text-book in our schools and C.E.G. study-classes, as providing just the matter of which an educated defender of the Faith should be possessed.

HISTORICAL.

The phenomenon of "a theocratic republic merging on its thousandth year of unchallenged dominion" is undoubtedly unique. Yet such is to be found in the peninsula of Athos, only two days' journey from Vienna. For this reason—if for no other—readers should be persuaded to read F. W. Hasluck's *Athos and its Monasteries* (Kegan Paul: 12s. 6d.), the only English book that treats in general of the subject, since the publication nearly forty years ago of Mr. Athelstan Riley's *Mountain of the Monks*. The author—the late librarian of the British School of Athens—had practically completed the present work by 1912, but, hoping to revisit the peninsula and note any changes caused by the Balkan troubles, delayed publication. The Great War, however, prevented his revisiting the peninsula, and subsequently the author died, leaving to his widow the task of revising his work and bringing it up-to-date. The book is divided into two parts, the first section dealing with the general history of the monastic system of Athos; the second describing the twenty sovereign monasteries, their individual history and architecture. Like so many moderns, the author had, he tells us, "a strong prejudice against monasteries in general and Greek monasteries, as contemplative and non-productive, even parasitic, in particular," but "this prejudice," we are glad to learn, "was considerably modified" before he left the Mountain. This lack of sympathy may possibly account for the historical portion being somewhat dull and jejune, though it may be due to the nature of the subject, there being little incident to narrate. Throughout, the book is well illustrated by photographs and by many of the author's own water-colour sketches—which, if somewhat ethereal and tenuous, are beautiful in their way. On the whole the work is a good companion volume to the older *Mountain of the Monks*, and affords new material concerning what is assuredly one of the most interesting communities in the world.

As hitherto, owing to the dearth of Catholic books, the text-books of history used in our schools have been mainly those written according to the Protestant tradition and containing not infrequently many mis-

statements concerning the Church and Catholic affairs, a new series composed by Catholic authors should receive a ready welcome from our teachers. The **GripFast History Books**, by M. A. Forbes and Cecil Kerr (Longmans: Prices from 1s. 6d. to 3s.), are intended for young children and "aim at presenting British history as a consecutive series of pictures full of life and colour. These are linked together by short summaries of the more outstanding events," which are intended to be memorized by the child. The corresponding book for teachers, written evidently by one who has had experience of the class-room, give useful suggestions how to conduct the history class and supplies material for additional lessons on points of consequence in the summaries. In conjunction with the books is published a series of cards containing short scenes from history for class acting. Altogether, the series bears favourable comparison with similar text-books now in use, both as regards the matter and the manner of presentment, which is based on sound principles of child psychology. Even a moderately-skilled teacher, with the aid afforded in these books, should be able not only to make the history lesson interesting and attractive, but also, by employing it to aid the development of the child's power of self-expression both in speech and in writing, render it really educative. For future editions, it may be well to point out that in the second book a disproportionate amount of space is given to affairs connected with Scotland; and warfare is too often written of in the old tradition of its "glories," little enough being said of its horrors. The massacre of Limoges, "that foul blot on his memory," should not be omitted from the short account of the Black Prince, nor should Cromwell's atrocities in Ireland be palliated by appealing to the cruelty of the age, or by the misstatement that the Irish were "rebels": it was Cromwell who was the rebel, and the Irish, to their cost, who were loyal and Catholic. In a true presentment of history, whilst making allowance for "the spirit of the age," the moral standard of Christianity should always be unflinchingly applied: so much has been done in that way in these volumes that we wish there had been more. We have not yet got rid of the old mentality, that false nationalism which tends to slur over or excuse our country's misdeeds.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

When a fervent and enthusiastic admirer writes a life of a friend still living, we do not expect a scientifically impartial and exhaustive account. So we are not disappointed when Mr. Aylmer Maude, the biographer of Tolstoy, in his **Authorized Life of Marie Carmichael Stopes** (Williams and Norgate: 5s. net) waxes somewhat lyrical on his theme—"the ablest woman I have met," as Tolstoy, he says, was the ablest man. To us who consider the work to which Dr. Stopes has devoted her latter years as in itself subversive of Christian morals and pernicious in its social consequences, this account of her haphazard religious upbringing is very illuminating, proving once more how destructive a force zeal can be when uninspired by adequate knowledge. Mr. Maude borrows largely from his heroine's words and writings, and has imbibed as well a plentiful share of her ignorance of Catholicity. He speaks of an "organized opposition" to her Movement on the part of Catholics.

The phrase is incorrect: there is a united opposition, but it operates spontaneously without need of organization; it is the opposition of truth against error, of the Church against the World. The Life, which contains in its earlier chapters interesting details about Dr. Stopes's travels and scientific career, degenerates into open Birth-Control propaganda, about which there is no need in these pages to say anything further.

Two Catholic biographies of importance to the domestic history of the Church in this country—*The Life of Cornelia Connelly* (Longmans: 7s. 6d.), by a Religious of the H.C.J., and *The Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart* (Longmans: 10s. 6d.), by Mother Maud Monahan, have simultaneously been reprinted at lower prices, the latter indeed for the second time, and the former in an abridged and revised edition. This is a sign, we think, that the work done by those two eminent women is appreciated by their fellow-Catholics, and that their example will live to inspire their successors. Their biographies will now reach a larger circle, and continue to illustrate what an immense influence for social good the teaching orders of the Church are.

A book which gives a curious, and, in some respects, a valuable contribution to our slender store of knowledge about Shakespeare, has been written by Mr. E. J. Fripp, with the title *Master Richard Quyny, Bailiff of Stratford-on-Avon and Friend of William Shakespeare* (Oxford University Press: 10s. net). The author has laboriously gone through the minutes and accounts of the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon from 1553 to 1620, gleaning whatever might be of assistance in piecing together a consistent picture of the history and principal personages of the town during those years. Some three dozen letters of one Richard Quyny supplement the material drawn from dry municipal records. Richard was a son of the elder Shakespeare's colleague in office, and the father of the man who married Judith Shakespeare. His letters are provokingly silent on the one man we want to learn more of. But they are not entirely useless in bringing into more definite outline the circumstances from which Shakespeare emerged. The author is often driven to conjecture to make his lines meet; but no one will deny that he succeeds in his main contention, namely, that the leading men of Stratford were not so rude or untutored as popular tradition supposes. They sent their sons up to Oxford from a grammar-school presided over by an Oxford scholar.

Unlike some of the servants of God, Blessed Jean-Baptiste Vianney was fortunate in his biographer; the life written by his friend and fellow-labourer, the Abbé Monnin, is in many respects a model of hagiography. Based on authoritative sources and on information supplied by reliable contemporary witnesses, it presents by its wealth of detail and anecdote a truly graphic picture of the saintly curé, and perpetuates the wide influence—not unlike that of St. Francis of Assisi—which he exercised throughout his life, by his homely, unstudied simplicity, his sweet gentleness combined with tenacious strength of character and his childlike trust in God. The work won deserved popularity from its first publication in 1861, and has run through many editions, yet strangely enough it is only now for the first time that a translation is presented for English readers,—*The Life of the Curé of Ars*, by A. Monnin, translated by Bertram Wolferstan, S.J. (Sands and Co.: 21s. net). Father Wolferstan

is to be congratulated on his excellent rendering into English of this standard work.

NON-CATHOLIC WORKS.

All Anglican discussions about the Church are vitiated by the conviction that it does not now exist essentially as God planned it and meant it to be. They disbelieve in its essential notes of unity, visibility, perpetuity, indefectibility. They aim at recovering something that has been lost and at reconstructing what has fallen down. Accordingly such books as *Problems of Church Unity* (Longmans: 9s. net), by the Rev. W. Lowrie, Rector of the American Church, Rome, have no practical interest to Catholics except as illustrating how ineffective are learning, sincerity and zeal without the light of faith. Mr. Lowrie's opening words, which postulate for Church Unity "four principal factors: Faith, Love, Prayer, and Order," and leave out the most essential factor of all, a single divinely-authorized and guaranteed Authority—show Catholics how little likely to be fruitful his discussion is. And nothing in his scholarly work dispels this impression.

The unbeliever finds, in the various apparent discrepancies in the narratives of the Resurrection and the Virgin Birth reasons confirming his disbelief. The believer sees in them the absence of fraud and collusion, and has little difficulty in harmoniously reconstructing the whole from the fragmentary accounts of the Evangelists. The Rev. W. Lockton, in *The Resurrection and the Virgin Birth* (Longmans: 5s. net), supports in the main the believer, yet uses too freely the arbitrary methods of the unbeliever, in rejecting as misinterpretation and accretion whatever seems to be inconsistent with the presumed order of events. He wishes to confirm the traditional view of both events—the teaching, that is, of the Catholic Church—and he uses a profound knowledge of the Bible to illustrate and decide the meaning of the Evangelists. But he does so, as it seems to us, at the expense of the doctrine of inspiration. If you eliminate the supposed mistakes of one evangelist, what is there to prevent another critic imputing error to another evangelist to support another theory? These Essays are the work of a devout and learned mind, deprived of the guidance of the Church and therefore compelled to "rationalize" unduly—with the result that the credibility of St. Mark is vigorously impugned in the first essay, and in the second the Virgin Birth declared to be possibly non-miraculous.

VERSE.

A most appropriate Christmas book—*The Little Lord Jesus* (Longmans: Cloth, 3s. 6d.; paper, 2s. 6d.)—has the most appropriate sub-title of "Love Rhymes," for its contents form a dainty "A.B.C. of love." Each letter of the alphabet is made to stand for something incidental to the Incarnation and is described by a short and simple—and always most tuneful—rhyme, often embodying a beautiful spiritual thought or aspiration. Each verse is exquisitely illustrated in black and white by an artist who is a master-hand. Neither author nor artist's name is given, but the identity is hidden under the initials of F.M.D., and we should dearly like to see something further from this delightful pencil and pen in the near future. A book that will charm equally both young

and old, and one that, from the first page to the last, delights both eye and ear, and is fragrant from beginning to end with love and praise of "The Little Lord Jesus."

The introduction to the English-reading public of the lyrical epopee, *Dreizehnlinden*, "thought into English verse," by Maximilian Mügge, carries importance with it as pointing to a revival of narrative verse amongst us. The pages of *Corvey Abbey*, the title of the handsome volume issued by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne at 10s. 6d., should be read from the beginning, for the Preface, Introduction, and the "Note on Dreizehnlinden in English"—the last a most valuable essay on the original and history of narrative poetry—give the reader to participate in the inspiration which has caused Mr. Mügge's stupendous labour of love, ere he embarks on the main subject. In fifty years Weber's narrative poem has run into 250 editions; the taste for this ancient form of telling a story has not therefore been lost to modern times. Cardinal Bourne, in his Preface, points out the dignity of poetry as a vehicle of thought, and the uses of well-made verse as a corrective to diffuse and inexact speaking. The poem, a story of ninth-century Christianity and the mythology of the times, should be read aloud, for it is the minstrel's art and made for the ear, like music, but, as the writer of the Note points out, sometimes a line will have to be scanned and humoured before it can be proclaimed. The couplets are in the "Locksley Hall" metre but of more rugged composition. It is sincerely to be hoped that the epic of which this is an example may be coming into its own once more. Mrs. Parry Eden has shown us to what perfection narrative verse can be carried in her *String of Sapphires*. In her we have an exponent of the art which it is possible may revive the love of poetry native to our race but obscured, it would seem, in the present generation of the heirs of Shakespeare and Milton. There may be others as well.

FICTION.

A story dealing with Ireland before the war—*Annamore*, by the Rev. J. Guinan (B.O. & W.: 6s. net)—has for main interest the old iniquitous system of the tenancy-at-will and graphically describes the hardships consequent thereupon, as for instance, the arbitrary raising of rent under threat of eviction. There are many other incidents which go to make up an interesting and well-written book.

A collection of true First Communion stories about children—*Ten Eager Hearts*, by a Sister of Notre Dame (Sands and Co.: 2s. 6d. net)—concerns those only whom the writer of this enchanting little book has personally known. A very useful booklet for children first preparing to receive their Lord, and for others as well, for we do not agree with Father Roche, S.J., who says in his Foreword, "Critics and adults may not enjoy the flavour of this food for babes nor find any nourishment in it, but the dish was not dressed for their table." On the contrary, many, we are sure, will eagerly eat of the crumbs that fall, and find much spiritual nourishment therein. The smudgy and badly-printed cover is unworthy of the charming pages it contains.

The well-known French priest who writes under the pseudonym of "Pierre l'Ermite," has published a very readable story, *La Vieille Fille*

(*La Bonne Presse*: 3.00 fr.), which can be recommended to all who want their interest excited and their knowledge increased of good, idiomatic yet colloquial French.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The author of *The Standard Grammar of Modern Gaelic* (Dundalgan Press, Dundalk: 4s. 6d.), ends his preface with a reference to "these days of the language's true decay." But the very appearance of a new book of instruction in the language, in addition to the many already published, implies at least some sort of revival. The author's heart is evidently in his work, and he has produced a book which may well realize his ambition and become a "standard" Grammar. Unlike some Gaelic enthusiasts, Mr. P. Quigley (for thus we venture to transliterate his name) condescends to facts. Knowing the language from infancy he yet realizes that the mass of Irish people have not had that advantage and that to them Gaelic is a strange tongue until its difficulties have been mastered. All through the book Gaelic words on their first mention are followed by a phonetic spelling in English. This method, though not perfect, is an aid to pronunciation and to the recognition of words which to the neophyte looks so strange and even forbidding. The great mutability of almost all parts of speech in Gaelic, the rules for aspiration, eclipsis, syncope, attenuation and broadening so alter the form and spelling of words that only the proficient may hope to know them under all their aspects. Students of Mr. Quigley's Grammar will be grateful for the aids given them. A good feature of the book is the arrangement of the lessons, etymology and syntax are taken together, and the whole is followed by appropriate exercises. When necessary illuminative notes on the idiom are added. We wish this newest of Gaelic Grammars the success it deserves. Mr. Quigley merits the thanks of all lovers of the old Irish language for thus helping its revival as a correctly written and spoken tongue.

M. l'Abbé Dimnet, whose command of English excites the admiration of those who meet his articles in our press, has turned his endowment to practical use in the composition of *French Grammar made Clear* (Routledge and Son: 4s. 6d. net). M. Dimnet has himself experienced how the obscurities of his subject affect the foreigner, and sets himself to elucidate them. Teachers, even more than scholars, will find direct profit in the book, which abounds in helpful suggestions, and useful collections of illustrative phrases.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

An echo of last year's Catholic pilgrimage to the Holy Land, led by H.E. Cardinal Bourne, may be found in *A Short Visit to the Homeland of Jesus and Mary* (Sands and Co.: 2s. net), which is compiled from a diary kept by the author (H. Morden Bennett, M.A.) during the pilgrimage which he accompanied. Its sixty brief pages make very interesting reading, but the cover design, which is not clearly printed, quite spoils the outward appearance of this little book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ALBERT MESSEIN**, Paris.
Les Rubis du Calice. By Adolphe Retté. 4^e edit. Pp. 200. Price, 5.00 fr.
- BEAUCHESNE**, Paris.
Esquisse du 'Mystère de la Foi'. By M. de la Taille, S.J. Pp. ix. 285. Price, 8.00 fr. *L'Intellectualisme de Saint Thomas.* By P. Rousselet, S.J. 2^e édit. Pp. xlvi. 260. Price, 16.00 fr. *Essai critique sur L'Hylémorphisme.* By P. Descoqs, S.J. Pp. 415. Price, 27.00 fr.
- BENZIGER BROS.**, New York.
Our Nuns. By D. A. Lord, S.J. Pp. 280. Price, \$3.00 net. *Three-Minute Homilies.* By Rev. M. V. McDonough. Pp. 330. Price, \$2.00.
- DENT & SONS**, London.
They make a Desert. By Francesco Nitti. Translated by F. Brittain. Pp. xxv. 270. Price, 10s. 6d. net.
- DUNDALGAN PRESS**, Dundalk.
The Standard Grammar of Modern Gaelic. By P. Quigley. Pp. viii. 252. Price, 4s. 6d.
- GABALDA**, Paris.
Pascal's Pensées. Edited by Jacques Chevalier. 2 Vols. Pp. xix. 291, iv. 315. Price, 20.00 fr. *Saint Basile.* By Abbé J. Rivière. Pp. 320. Price, 10.00 fr. *Saint Thomas d'Aquin.* By Etienne Gilson. Pp. 380. Price, 12.00 fr. *Saint Jean Chrysostome.* By P. E. Legrand. Pp. 320. Price, 10.00 fr.
- HERDER**, London.
My Prisons. By Silvio Pellico. Pp. xix. 230. Price, 5s. *The Truth of God.* By G. H. Miles. Pp. xviii. 224. Price, 5s. *The Betrothed.* By Manzoni. Pp. xviii. 458. Price, 5s. *Like unto Him.* By Francis Neveu, S.J. Pp. xvii. 254. Price, 5s. *The Church, Culture and Liberty.* By Archbishop Spalding. Pp. xxi. 270. Price, 5s. *Philothaea.* By St. Francis de Sales. Pp. xviii. 318. Price, 5s. *Curious Chapters in American History.* By H. J. Desmond. Pp. 264. Price, 6s. *Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies.* By A. Preuss. Pp. xi. 343. Price, 14s. *Biographical Dictionary of the Saints.* By Mgr. F. G. Holweck. Pp. xxx. 1053. Price, 40s. *My Changeless Friend.*
- 9th Series. By F. de Buffe, S.J. Pp. 60. Price, 1s. 6d. *Almanac of the Sacred Heart.* Pp. 70. Price, 1s.
- HUTCHINSON**, London.
The Pope. By Jean Carrère. Translated by Arthur Chambers. Pp. 278. Price, 18s.
- KEGAN PAUL**, London.
Latin Christianity from Tertullian to Boethius. By Pierre de Labriolle. Translated by Herbert Wilson. Pp. xxiii. 555. Price, 25s. net.
- LONGMANS**, London.
A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. From Right Rev. Bishop Knox. Price, 3d. *Tudor Economic Documents.* Vol. III. Edited by R. H. Tawney and E. Power. Pp. viii. 486. Price, 15s. net.
- LOYOLA PRESS**, Chicago.
Institutiones Dogmatica. By B. J. Otten, S.J. Vol. II. Pp. xiii. 466.
- MACMILLAN CO.**, New York.
The Training of Writers. By E. F. Garesché, S.J. Pp. vii. 177.
- MANRESA PRESS**, London.
The Last Letters of Sir Thomas More. Pp. xix. 124. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**.
Aristotle's Metaphysics: revised with Introduction and Commentary. By Prof. W. D. Ross. 2 Vols. Pp. clxviii. 366; viii. 528. Price, 48s. n.
- ROBERT SCOTT**, London.
Early Hebrew History. By H. M. Wiener, M.A. Pp. ix. 117. Price, 5s. n. *The Letters of Paul the Apostle.* Pp. 192. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- S.P.C.K.**, London.
S. Aurelii Augustini De Civitate Dei. Edited by J. E. C. Welldon, D.D. 2 Vols. Pp. lxi. 508. 707. Price, 42s. n.
- THE EXTENSION PRINT**, Toronto.
Catholic Schools in Western Canada. By D. A. MacLean, M.A. Pp. x. 162.
- WILLIAMS & NORGATE**, London.
Authorized Life of Marie C. Stopes. By Aylmer Maude. Pp. 226. Price, 5s. n.

